THE MARION WEEKLY STAR.

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EIDER STILL ASHORE

No Hope for the Stranded Steamer.

THE CARGO IS BEING SAVED.

Eight and a Half Tons of Specie and Other Valuables Landed—The Passengers Sent on to Bremen—Death of Dr. Mackenzie—Other Foreign News.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—The North German Lloyd's steamship Eider is still ashore on the rocks of Atherfield, Isle of Wight, and there is little or no prospect of ever seeing her afloat again, as previously intimated in these dispatches.

During the day the weather moderated considerably, the wind and high sea having almost subsided. Captain Heinecke, accompanied by some of the officers of the Eider, directed the responsible work of unloading the remainder of the cargo of the stranded vessel into lighters which will carry it to Southampton.

The lifeboats during the course of the day, landed all the specie which composed the most valued portion of the Eider's cargo, and which gave the agents of the North German Lloyd company much concern lest the valuable consignments should be tumbled overboard. It is expected that the balance of the cargo will be landed shortly, and the agents still hope to float the ship when lightened.

Most of the crew of the ill-fated ship were forwarded to Bremen with the passengers who were taken to Southampton on the steamship Havel, which sailed yesterday for that port.

The landing of the specie was attended by elaborate precautions. As much of the gold was destined for the Bank of England, the British government took charge of the work, which was supervised by Captain Robert D. Bruce, of the ironclad Invincible. Captain Bruce assumed general command, and his orders were strictly followed; Wallis, the agent of the steamship comany; Captain Burt, of the coast guard, Lieutenant Burke and two officers of the customs acting in immediate direction of the men engaged in saving the specie. The amount landed for the Bank of England was eight and a half tons.

The men engaged in the work all belonged to the local coast-guard. The labor was not part of their official duty, and they were therefore paid at the liberal rate of £1 for each trip to and from the wrecked steamship. The Atherfield lifeboat was used in bringing the specie on shore and Inspector Gibson, with a body of constables belonging to the Isle of Wight, were on guard on the beach to watch the treasure on its arrival.

Crowds of people witnessed the transfer and curiously looked on as the boxes of gold were lifted from the boat. As soon as each box was landed, it was picked up by twenty bearers, specially engaged for the occasion, and carried up the cliff between a double line of coast guards and police. At the top of the cliff the boxes were piled together, a coast-guardsman, with drawn cutlass and revolver in hand, keeping vigilant ward over the precious pile. The people who thronged around maintained good order and were content with gazing at the heap which represented wealth greater than they had ever dreamed of.

At a later hour the boxes containing the treasure were placed on wagons and escorted to Newport by the chief of the coast guard, Officer Locke, accompanied by a detachment with cutlasses and revolvers. At Newport a special train was waiting for the arrival of the treasure which was at once loaded into good wagons, carefully guarded, and conveyed to Cowes. There the gold was transferred to a special steamer and conveyed across the Solent to the mainland, and thence by special train from Southampton to London.

After the specie had been saved the crew of the lifeboat rested for an hour. At the firing of a gun they assembled again. The agent of the steamship company thanked them for the work they had successfully done, and asked them to save the mails at the same rate of £4 a trip. The crew at once placed themselves under orders and were told to take forty bags of mail a trip, the whole amount being about 400 bags. Ten trips were therefore necessary, and these were accomplished without accident. The same precautions were exercised as in the case of the treasure boxes.

The bags of mail, after being landed, were taken to the watch house of the coast-guard on top of the cliff and there counted and checked. The carrier of each bag was named and numbered, and the bags were placed in covered vans and escorted by the police to Newport. The work lasted far into the night.

Captain Heinecke and twenty-five of his crew were still on board the Eider. A great deal of loose maize in torn bags known to be from the bottom of the Eider's cargo was washed ashore yesterday, and eighty bales of cotton that had been thrown overboard when the steamer struck, were hoisted to the top of the cliff by derricks.

Floods in Prussia.

BERLIN, Feb. 4.—Destructive floods are reported in Prussian Silesia. At the town of Brieg, on the Oder, the river has risen far above its usual level and many houses are submerged. In the rural districts cattle have been drowned and much devastation wrought on farms.

Preparing to Take Fava's Place.

ROME, Feb. 4.—Count Catalani, the Italian minister at Copenhagen, is making his preparations to proceed to Washington in the place of Baron Fava. The count is a general favorite in Copenhagen, and his fellow-diplomats are preparing a farewell testimonial.

Sentenced to Death.

BERLIN, Feb. 4.—A man named Wetzler has been sentenced to death for the robbery and murder of a tailor named Hirschfeld at Spandau.

EMINENT PYHSICIAN DEAD.

Unexpected Demise of Sir Morell Mackenzie in London.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—Sir Morell Mackenzie, the eminent physician, died unexpectedly at 10 o'clock last night.

Dr. Morell Mackenzie was born in the year 1837, at Leytonston, county of Essex, England. He studied in London, and passed a successful examination when he was twenty-two years old, whereupon he practiced at the London hospital, attaining the degree of M. A. in 1862. He then devoted himself particularly to the study of diseases of the larynx, and this with such success that in 1863 a treatise on the larynx by him received the Jackson prize of the Royal Surgical society.



DR. MORELL MACKENZIE.

In order to complete his special studies he went to Paris, then to Vienna, and finally to Buda-Pesth, where, under the direction of the famous Czermach, he became a thorough expert with the laryngoscope. Before he had left London he had founded the first clinic for diseases of the throat. On his return to London he also lectured at the London medical college on laryngology, and wrote various scientific works and essays in medical papers, which soon gained him a famous name and a most remunerative practice. He was the chief adviser to the late Emperor Frederick of Germany during his illness.

Death at a Wedding Feast.

BERLIN, Feb. 4.—A shocking incident, changing a scene of festivity into one of horror and mourning, occurred last evening at the home of Herr Hirsch, a well known merchant, at 39 Scharnweber strasse, this city. The merchant and his wife were celebrating their silver wedding, in the presence of a large company of friends, when, at the moment of rising to respond to the toast of the evening in honor of the happy event, Herr Hirsch was seized with apoplexy and fell to the floor a corpse. The shock to his wife was so great that she has since passed from one fainting spell to another, and is thought to be dying.

Sensation at Altenburg.

BERLIN, Feb. 4.—A great sensation has been caused at Altenburg by the arrest of two prominent business men, and the subsequent suicide of one of the prisoners. The men in question were Herren Pleissner and Kuehne, who were directors in a company manufacturing playing cards. They were accused of fraudulent transactions and violation of their official duties. Kuehne felt his disgrace so keenly that he killed himself in prison by swallowing poison which is supposed to have been smuggled in to him by a relative. Pleissner protests his innocence of the charge.

An Expensive Prisoner.

BERLIN, Feb. 4.—The taxpayers of Leipsic are grumbling over the bill of expenses incurred in bringing the fugitive banker Winckelmann back from Buenos Ayres, whither he had fled to avoid prosecution for alleged swindling operations. Winckelmann was in a dying condition when he arrived home and no satisfaction can ever be obtained by his victims. The cost of his pursuit, capture and return was 8,700 marks.

Storms Along the Baltic.

BERLIN, Feb. 4. — Furious storms, playing havoc with shipping and shore property, are raging along the Baltic. The damage to property is enormous, and much loss of life is reported. Rostock and Swinemunde are the worst sufferers among the ports. Scores of vessels have been wrecked, and others are adrift in the ice and likely to be destroyed.

Five People Suffocated.

BERLIN, Feb. 4.—A huckster named Gosgroski and his two children, and two laborers named Kurs and Schutz, were found dead yesterday morning in the room which they all occupied at Elbing. They had been suffocated by the fumes escaping from a stove in the apartment.

Had No Fire Protection.

MUNCIE, Ind., Feb. 4.—Tuesday night fire destroyed the following business rooms and residences at Spiceland: F. Wagner's grocery, the postoffice, Gilmore's meat shop, Pigeon's furniture and undertaking establishment, Joshua Swollen's residence and contents, Wickersham's feed store, Scoville's millinery store, Mrs. P. Porch's dressmaking establishment, the Knights of Pythias and Grand Army lodge-rooms, and Will Dale's restaurant. A large business block, occupied by Gilbert's shoe store, was torn down to prevent further spread of flames. Ratcliffe's resturant was badly damaged. All were frame buildings on Main street. Spiceland has no fire protection, and for a time the town seemed doomed. The origin of the fire is not stated, and the loss can not be approximated at this hour.

National Furniture Dealers.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 4.—A national convention of retail furniture dealers o the United States, will be held in Cincinnati, Wednesday, July 13, for the purpose of discussing the irregularity in freight rates, and adopting measures to prevent manufacturers from selling goods to dealers having made fraudulent failures and again engaged in business.

A. A. Brown, the secretary, states that the several traffic associations of the United States have granted reduced rates, the hospitality of the city has been extended, and a royal time is anticipated. It is fitting that the first national convention of furniture dealers should be held in Cincinnati, where was held the first furniture exposition.

SEYMOUR, Ind., Feb. 4.—Miss Flora Barth, young and handsome, a stranger here, supposed to be from Indianapolis, has been sentenced to the female reformatory for eighteen months for the theft of $18.

OHIO LEGISLATURE.

Proceedings of Both Branches of the General Assembly.

THE SENATORS HARD AT WORK.

A Number of Measures Passed and Several Others Introduced—The House Passes Only Local Bills—The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections Agree Upon a Redistricting Bill Which Will Pass the Senate—Other Ohio News.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4,—Considerable work was done in the senate yesterday, the members of that body seeming to realize that their time is becoming limited.

The following joint resolution, which explains itself, was offered by Mr. McConica:

WHEREAS, The canal commissioners and board of public works of the state of Ohio have leased state lands for gas purposes, under an act of the general assembly passed April 12, 1889; and, whereas, it is reported and generally known that the lands leased by said board and commission for gas purposes have been and are producing large quantities of oil, and that the same is being disposed of by the lessees; and, whereas, it is believed that the oil so taken from the state lands and disposed of without authority of law, has amounted to many thousands of dollars, and that the state has received no compensation therefore; therefore,

RESOLVED, That the president of the senate and speaker of the house appoint a committee of three on the part of the senate and five on the part of the house to investigate and report to the senate and house the number of leases made by the aforesaid board and commission for gas purposes to date; the number of such leases on which gas is produced; the number of such leases on which oil is produced; the amount of oil that has been produced on such lands, and the disposition of the same, and what, if any, compensation the state has received for the oil which has been produced and disposed of by the lessees.

RESOLVED, Further that the board of public works and the canal commissioner be called on to furnish the committee all information they have at their command bearing upon the work of the committee and the facts sought to be ascertained by this investigation.

RESOLVED, That the committee is hereby authorized and empowered to subpœna and compel the attendance of witnesses and to call for and receive all papers and documents necessary to make a full and complete investigation.

RESOLVED, That if the committee, after a full and thorough investigation, are satisfied that oil has been taken from state lands without authority of law, and been disposed of without full and adequate compensation to the state, that they recommend what, if any, steps should be taken by the state to compel persons or corporations who have produced and disposed of the oil to make a settlement for the state.

The following bills were passed:

Senate bill by Mr. Von Seggen, supplementing Sections 6732 and 6563 by providing that every laborer who sues to recover wages after demanding the same in writing and recovers, in justice' court, shall be allowed $5 for attorney fees, and in case the suit is appealed and judgment is affirmed he shall be allowed $15 for attorney fees.

Senate bill by Mr. Marshall, amending Section 3231 by providing that corporations chartered prior to the adoption of the present constitution may comply with all laws now in force without forfeiting their original charter rights.

Senate bill by Mr. Nichols, providing for election of assessors in precincts composed of territory situate in more than one township; senate bill by Mr. Phillips, providing that the common pleas judge in Adams, Brown and Clermont counties shall hold office until October, 1892, instead of October, 1893, and that his successor be chosen at following November election; senate bill by Mr. Hildebrand, authorizing the Grand Army, Sons of Veterans, Woman's Relief Corps and farmers' clubs to use the armory at Wadsworth, Medina county.

In the House.

A purely local bill, one of those measures generally passed without consideration, provoked a lengthy discussion in the house. It was introduced by Mr. Gilliland and authorized the trustees of Ridge township, Van Wert county, to expend $100,000 in the graveling and improving the public highways, the proposition to issue bonds for the amount being first submitted to a vote of electors. The bill was finally passed by a vote of 69 to 11.

The following bills were then passed:

Mr. Burk's bill authorizing the commissioners of Franklin county to issue bonds to the amount of $48,000 for the purpose of building a bridge over the Scioto river at Grand View avenue.

Mr. Taylor's bill appropriating $4,200, the amount raised under the Hysell law for the state university.

Mr. Gilliland's bill amending Section 7,468-1 by giving to county agricultural societies power to condemn lands for fair grounds.

Mr. Flunerfelt's bill supplementing Section 4715 and preventing supervisors from digging ditch or making an excavation in front of private property without providing a temporary drain.

Want the Full Supply or None.

DAYTON, O., Feb. 4.—The city council and the city commissioners have by resolution ordered the Natural Gas company to discontinue the supply of natural gas in Dayton altogether unless the full pressure stipulated in the contract is furnished. The contract calls for a pressure not less than four ounces, but has fallen to about one half ounce less since the company's request for an increase in price was refused. At this pressure the danger to life and property is great and many people marvel that there has been no appalling accident as a result. Springfield will join hands with Dayton in the matter.

Penitentiary Managers Resign.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4.—The penitentiary managers took time by the forelock, and yesterday tendered their resignations to Governor McKinley. This will make it unnecessary for the Republicans to legislate them out of office.

Guardian Appointed.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4.—Judge Hagerty yesterday decided that John Swim, the eccentric rich tramp, should have a guardian appointed, and John J. Chester was selected his bond being placed at $40,000.

REDISTRICTING BILL.

The Senate Committee Agrees Upon a Measure.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4.—Yesterday the senate committee on privileges and elections held a meeting after the noon recess and agreed on a bill to redistrict the congressional districts of the state. The bill gives the Republicans fourteen sure districts, the Democrats five with two doubtful districts. The committee amended the Carpenter bill by striking out all after the enacting clause and substituting the following:

First district—That so much of the county of Hamilton as is now contained within the limits of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh wards of the city of Cincinnati, and the townships of Anderson, Columbia, Spencer, Symmes, Sycamore and Avondale and the Northeast, Southeast, St. Bernard Bond Hill and Elmwood precincts of Mill Creek.

Second—Balance of Hamilton county.

Third—Preble, Miami and Montgomery.

Fourth—Darke, Shelby, Mercer, Auglaize and Allen.

Fifth—Erie, Ottawa, Sandusky, Seneca, Crawford, Wyandot and Marion.

Sixth — Williams, Defiance, Henry, Paulding, Putnam and Van Wert.

Seventh—Butler, Warren, Greene, Madison and Clarke.

Eighth—Brown, Clermont, Highland Ross, Fayette, Clinton.

Ninth—Hancock, Hardin, Logan, Champaign, Union and Delaware.

Tenth—Lucas, Fulton, Wood.

Eleventh — Tuscarawas, Guernsey Muskingum and Washington.

Twelfth—Lawrence, Jackson, Vinton Scioto, Pike, Adams.

Thirteenth — Franklin, Fairfield and Pickaway.

Fourteenth—Huron, Lorain, Ashland Richland and Morrow.

Fifteenth—Gallia, Meigs, Athens, Morgan, Perry and Hocking.

Sixteenth—Wayne, Holmes, Coshocton, Knox and Licking.

Seventeenth—Carroll, Jefferson, Harrison, Belmont and Monroe.

Eighteenth—Stark, Columbiana and Mahoning.

Nineteenth—Ashtabula, Geauga, Portage, Summit and Trumbull.

Twentieth—County of Lake with the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, Twenty-third, Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh wards in the city of Cleveland, and the ten townships of East Cleveland, Bedford, Chagrin Falls, Euclid, Independence, Mayfield, Newburg, Orange, Salon and Warrensville in Cuyahoga county.

Twenty-first—County of Medina and the balance of Cuyahoga not included in the first.

The Democratic districts are the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Thirteenth and Sixteenth. The doubtful districts are the Third and Eleventh and the rest are Republican. The bill throws Judge Thompson, of Scioto, and General Enochs, of Lawrence, together. The Seventh district is of the shoestring kind. The bill was ordered printed and put on Thursday's calendar. It will pass the senate, but will meet opposition in the house.

PRISONERS PAROLED.

The Board of Penitentiary Managers Let Out a Lot of Prisoners.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4.—Fred Roth, the Wooster wife murderer, was yesterday paroled by the board of penitentiary managers. Roth's murder was a brutal one. He discovered his wife's infidelity and stabbed her to death. He was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to hang on the same day with Blinky Morgan.

They were in the annex and drew straws to decide who should go to the scaffold first. Morgan drew the short straw, and was to go first. Meanwhile Roth's case was taken up on error on the ground that one of the grand jurors who indicted him served on a jury the same year. On this technicality a new trial was allowed, but rather than go to the expense of another trial, the Wayne county prosecutor accepted a plea of guilty to murder in the second degree.

Dick Hurley, the Cincinnati man who killed John Keating, was paroled by the board of penitentiary managers.

The board of penitentiary managers recommended the following parcles:

J. O. Wilson, received from Franklin county, May 28, 1888, on twenty years' sentence for manslaughter.

Truman Webb, received from Scioto county, Oct. 14, 1889, on seven years' sentence for burglary and larceny.

Michael Curtis, received from Warren county, Jan. 4, 1890, on a ten years' sentence for manslaughter.

Maggie Hubbard, received from Butler county, Dec. 4, 1890, on two years' sentence for producing abortion. She is a married woman.

John Rose, received from Athens county, March 10, 1890, on three years' sentence for manslaughter.

George Bolden, received from Hardin county, April 30, 1890, on five years' sentence for robbery.

Edward Carroll, received from Hamilton county, April 30, 1890, on three years' sentence for burglary.

HERE'S ROMANCE.

Strange Story of Two Brothers Who Separated in New York.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Feb. 4.—James Mulligan, a confectioner, left here Wednesday morning for Creston, Ia., to claim $20,000 left him by a bachelor brother, who died four months ago. The two men came to America from Ireland forty years ago, and separated on landing at New York. They had not heard of each other since, and each believed the other to be dead.

The two men were almost "doubles." It was this which led to the location of the dead man's heir. A former Springfield man saw the remains of the dead man at Creston, and was so impressed with the resemblance to James Mulligan, whom he knew here, that he wrote here about the matter, and the body of Tom has been kept in an undertaker's office at Creston in the hope that it would lead to the discovery of the brother alive. It has done so.

Governor's Appointment.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4.—Governor McKinley yesterday submitted the appointment of John J. Wilson, of Guernsey county, as trustee of the Xenia orphans' home to the senate for confirmation.

Meeting of Sheriffs.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4.—Fifty sheriffs met in Columbus yesterday and effected a state organization. They took steps to have the legislature repeal or amend the Garber fee bill.

EXPRESS TRAIN WRECKED.

Serious Railroad Accident Near North Baltimore, Ohio.

NORTH BALTIMORE, Feb. 4.—A disastrous wreck occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, a few rods west of North Baltimore depot, at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. The limited express train of three cars, carrying no passengers, was ditched by a broken switch-rod while running at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour.

The locomotive and tender were crushed into scrap iron, the cars telescoped and valuable express matter was strewn promiscuously around. The body of Engineer James Manuel, of Garrett, Ind., was jammed three feet into the earth beneath the firebox and was removed at 9 o'clock. His back was broken and his neck nearly severed from the body. His wife is here attending the inquest.

Fireman Hampton, of Garrett, Ind., was wedged in by the tender and was fatally scalded.

As the whole thing occurred in a second neither could save himself by jumping.

Express Messengers W. D. Callahan and L. L. Gray, of Chicago, were in the forward car, and miraculously escaped with a few bruises.

Conductor Lewis and a brakeman and the balance of the crew were imprisoned in a car for a time, but were uninjured. A part of the express matter included $9,000 worth of silver bullion consigned to the Philadelphia mint.

The switch bar had held together by a mere thread, and was evidently broken by a preceding train. The dead and injured were taken to Garrett.

An Engineer's Fate.

LIMA, O., Feb. 4.—Engineer Mast, of Chicago and Erie passenger train No. 3, met with a singular and fatal accident in the east yard yesterday. He was riding with his head out of the window, and a freight car that was standing close by on the siding struck him, crushing his head in, breaking his jaw and rendering him insensible. His fireman did not notice his condition, and the train went rushing over a crossing thirty-five miles an hour. The train was backed to the depot and Mast was carried to the waiting room. He can not recover.

New Incorporations.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 4.—The following articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the secretary of state yesterday: The Bryan Fair company, Bryan, capital stock $20,000; Lieutenant George J. Grove camp, No. 237, Ohio division Sons of Veterans, Miamisburg; the Commercial Hotel company, North Baltimore, capital stock $20,000; the Vincent-Barstow company, Cleveland, capital stock $150,000; the Standard Chemical company, Columbus, capital stock $10,000.

Expensive Fun.

CANTON, O., Feb. 4.—Suit was commenced in the common pleas court yesterday afternoon by Sample C. George against G. D. Saxton, a wealthy young business man, asking for $30,000 for alienation of his wife's affections.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Memphis High Flyers Skip for Parts Unknown.

MEMPHIS, Feb. 4.—Nothing has been learned of the whereabouts of Walter R. Jones and R. J. Jones, the cotton factors, who suddenly left the city Tuesday evening. The nature of their transactions became known yesterday when it was learned that they had defrauded foreign creditors to the amount of $100,000.

The firm has been doing extensive buying and dealing heavily in futures. Some months ago they became involved and only staved off an assignment by mortgaging all of their real estate. Creditors began to press them and as a last resort they made a large shipment of ordinary cotton to Bremen and drew for it classed as middling. With this money they went into short time futures, but lost heavily. It is thought they had $50,000 in cash when they left the city.

New Orleans parties are caught for $10,000, and the Mechanics' bank here held a small amount of paper against them. They belong to a good family, but have been high flyers. Mrs. Walter is in the city, but made an effort to leave. She is being watched by detectives.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

RIOTING PRISONERS.

An Outbreak of a Serious Nature at Deer Island.

BOSTON, Feb. 4.—An outbreak took place yesterday among the prisoners at Deer Island. Fifty policemen were sent from this city to the scene. This is the second riotous demonstration that has occurred in that institution within a few weeks.

The first news of the trouble was received by Deputy Superintendent of Police Burrill in the form of a telephone message from Superintendent Gerrish at the island. It stated that the men had refused to go to work when ordered to at 7 o'clock and were threatening the officers' lives. A detail of men from the various stations was immediately sent down on the police boat and soon put the mob under subjection. The captain says the policemen had to use a great deal of force, and many of the prisoners have sore and badly cut heads.

A prisoner whose term expired and who was released from Deer Island yesterday morning, says that the cause of the outbreak arose from a quarrel on the downward trip of the boat Tuesday between a prisoner and officer. The officer called the prisoner a bum, and the prisoner assaulted him. On the arrival of the boat at the island the officer had the prisoner placed in solitary confinement.

The incident quickly became known to the unruly prisoners, and a demand was made that the confined prisoners be released. This the officers took no notice of and a pandemonium followed, which was kept up all night, the prisoners yelling, cursing, rattling their tin cups, pounding on the doors, etc., endeavoring in every way to make all the noise possible. Three or four of the noisiest were placed in close confinement. This action only made the prisoners worse.

Yesterday morning the men were let out into the yard and immediately began to gather such weapons as they could find and made an attack on the workshop to procure knives and other weapons. The shops were locked up, and the rioters, unable to force the doors, smashed the windows. Such well behaved prisoners as attempted to go to work were pounced upon by the mob and pounded with sticks and stones.

Major Matthews is now at the island and will make an investigation. It is thought he will ask for the resignation of one or more of the directors of public instruction. Commissioner Devlin attributes the trouble to a lack of room at the institution, as there are between 800 and 900 prisoners and only 420 cells.

MAIL ROBBERY.

Seven Pouches of Letters Stolen in New York City.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—Seven pouches of mail matter, mostly letters, were stolen from two mail vans Tuesday night, while on the ferryboat from New York to Hoboken. The mail was mostly for New York state points. Apparently the doors of the van had been opened by skeleton keys, but there is as yet no clew to the mystery. It is thought that the letters contained considerable money. It is one of the most mysterious mail robberies that has occurred in this vicinity.

The two drivers were examined yesterday. They admitted that they left their wagons and went into the cabin, thus leaving the mail unprotected.

The present robbery recalls that of a few weeks ago when two pouches were taken under somewhat similar circumstances in course of delivery to the Erie railroad.

The government regulations are that the drivers shall not leave their wagons under any pretext.

Will Build a Wigwam.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—The local committee of Democrats to provide for the coming national convention have abandoned all hope of securing the exposition building and yesterday afternoon decided to build a wigwam capable of seating 15,000 people in which the convention will be held. A site on the lake front on which to erect the building will probably be secured.

Grand Jury Investigating.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Feb. 4.—The grand jury has been impaneled and an investigation will be had into the cause of the murderous assault and subsequent death of Prison Guard Aaron Applegate. His assailant was Convict Charles Carroll, and Applegate was struck over the head three months ago, while in the discharge of his duty. He fell unconscious, and it was some time before he revived. He was able to walk to his home, but the next day he again became unconscious and three weeks later he died.

End of the Lottery War.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 4.—John A. Morris, principal owner of the Louisiana lottery, will give notice tomorrow that the company will withdraw its application for rechartering, and that the concern will wind up its affairs and retire from business upon the expiration of its present charter. This ends forever the great lottery war which has been raging in the state for some time past, and which has brought about a split in the Democratic party, and the nomination of two Democratic state tickets.

Excitement Increasing.

LAREDO, Tex., Feb. 4.—The killing of Rufus Glover by members of Garza's band has caused great excitement here, where Glover was well known, and it is the general opinion that Governor Hogg should order out the picked rangers and put an end to the existing state of affairs. It is now believed that Garza's field of operation has been transferred from Mexico to American territory.

Another Crank with a Knife.

WINNIPEG, Man., Feb. 4.—A number of residents of this city have been cut recently by a mysterious stranger. His mode of operations is similar to that of the New York "Jack the Slasher." A woman named Chapin was severely cut in the arm last night while defending her throat, which the fiend attempted to cut.

Indications.

Cloudy weather, with flurries of snow along the lakeshore; westerly winds, probably fair Friday.

The Best Authorities.

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross, and others agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effectually and permanently cures catarrh. Thousands praise it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation and all troubles of the digestive organs.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED.

As a general family remedy for dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I hardly ever see anything else, and have never been disappointed in the effect produced; it seems to be almost a perfect cure for all diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.
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BY W. G. HARDING.

SATURDAY, - - FEBRUARY 6

MICHIGAN ELECTION INNOVATION

The Hon. Edward J. Phelps, in writing **in the February** Forum, of the **Michigan** method of choosing Presidential electors by congressional district, **says** that "when the result in Michigan, and in other states in which similar legislation is probable, shall have been tested by experience, it is not unreasonable to expect that it will commend itself to the general good sense of the country.

In the same number of The Forum **Ex-Senator** Edmunds **says** of the way in which Presidential electors are now **chosen**: "In the hundred years of **presidential** elections that have passed, only a single exception to this occurred, and that exceptional action was abandoned before it had existed long enough to become a precedent. A few years ago a great senator from a great state, who apparently thought that the election of president had better be comminuted into districts, and come, as he thought, more directly from the people, proposed in congress that the constitution be changed to that end; but the scheme found so little encouragement that it was dropped. At last, however, the legislature of Michigan, inspired, doubtless, with benevolent sympathy for some minorities of her people who happened to reside, chiefly, in one or two of her congressional districts, has thought it fit and competent to abdicate the single entirety of her state rights and duties in appointing her electorial college, which the constitution requires her to do herself, and to commit that duty to twelve separate divisions of her citizens, to contribute one member each, to the electoral body And this is to be called an 'appointment' by a state'

"If the gains and profits of party victory can induce the legislature of any state to resort to such means of achieving it, some may begin to doubt whether written constitutions are any valuable security against the passions or ignorance or selfishness of men"

The Farmers' Alliance has been likened to the "one-hoss shay," not in its antiquity, but in respect to its going to pieces all at once. From all quarters where formerly the Alliance flourished come reports of its sudden dissolution General prosperity has killed it. Take Kansas, for instance. The farmers there, Col. James R. Hollowell, of Wichita, Kansas, says have made money, are buying land, and no longer "dream of loans at 1 per cent. and the other nonsensical propositions of the Peffer-Simpson crowd," and he sites as a significant fact that the Alliance Executive Committee has been unable to collect 25 cents each as dues from the members on the rolls of the Alliance. The farmers rightly refuse to contribute even a quarter of a dollar apiece to pay for the funeral expenses of the Alliance

The senate substitute for the Carpenter redistricting bill puts Marion into a hopelessly Democratic district, the Fifth. It is composed of Erie, Ottawa, Sandusky, Seneca, Crawford, Wyandot and Marion. It is a strictly new combination and means fun ahead for the Democracy in its nominating convention. Of course it throws a wet blanket upon the ambitions of Marion Republicans who really deserve a kindly fate. While the bill may be modified it is reasonably probable of becoming a law. Our neighbors of the Ninth will have a merry time The Ninth will be made up of Hancock, Hardin, Logan, Champaign, Union and Delaware. If Logan county doesn't have her eyes bruised in that crowd we greatly miss our guess.

There is no confirmation as yet of the Big Four purchase of the C. H. V and T., and there was nothing in the annual meeting of C. H. V. and T. stockholders to indicate such a change There is both unofficial confirmations and denials of the report There is a strong probability of there being some truth in the report.

It is a little early to talk seriously of spring politics, and we have only councilmen and assessors to elect this year, but the people are already quietly interesting themselves. There will be a sizing up of candidates for the council, and if there are not satisfactory party nominations there will be a citizens' movement.

The first advantage of the contracted corporate limits has been the change of electric lights. The arcs that have burned in the outer districts are to shed welcome rays in the settled portion of the city. This is eminently proper. Marion ought to shine as a finely lighted city when all the changes have been made.

The rumor has been in circulation that Chairman Hahn, who managed Senator Sherman's campaign, is to secure the sinecure of state inspector of oils If any of the many of Sherman's hustlers who haven't been cared for want an office they should speak right out.

It wasn't an American war cloud that kept the ground hog from seeing his shadow.

As winter passes the hopeful citizen naturally wonders what will be done in the line of paving during 1892 Are we to make no progress?

In his New York interview Mr Foraker tells the exact truth when he says Ohio is for Blaine for president if he will accept a nomination.

Even contemplated war is very expensive. The recent squabble with Chili, together with preparations for war, cost over two million dollars. The preservation of national honor comes high, but we really must have it. There is no citizen either to object to the expenses.

Carpets were never so cheap as now. This is neither an advertisement nor a campaign argument, but simply an observation that seems appropriate when we remember that the opponents of the McKinley law said that poor people would have to be satisfied with bare floors in 1892.

Current reports have it that the number of newspapers published in the United States is 16,513, classified as follows. Daily 1521, tri-weekly 42; semi-weekly 226, weekly 11,421. In addition to the foregoing there are 2,108 magazines, periodicals, trade papers, etc., making a total in all of 19,011.

There ought to be no opposition to Representative Workman's bill to reform the county school system. There is abundant room for improvement. The chief opposition to such reform has been in the fact that it reduced the number of offices in the gift of the people. An office, with authority, is often a great thing, even without compensation. But if the Workman bill will clean out the school director who insists that what was "good enough for him is good enough for his children" the cause of education will be materially advanced.

In the February Forum Warner Miller says "Today the building of the Nicaragua Canal is the most important enterprise demanding the attention of the world. From the discovery of America until the present time a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across Central America, has been sought, private capital has been freely expended in seeking the best route, our government has sent out numerous expeditions and surveyed the isthmus. The result of all of these efforts has been to establish firmly the fact that the only favorable route, at a reasonable cost, is the one across Nicaragua. At the present time an honest effort is being made to construct the canal by a corporation composed of Americans. I believe the close of the present century will see the canal an accomplished fact."

DULL AT CALEDONIA

Regular Finds But Little to Write in Ht Weekly Letter.

Caledonia, Feb. 5—There has but very little transpired over here since my last letter, and from that fact the budget will be quite light this week.

Prof. Ranck and wife, of Prospect, spent last Sunday with friends at this place.

H. F Fields left for his home in Iowa on last Monday morning.

Capt. J. F. Apt drove over from Marion Tuesday on business.

Eva Finley, of Marion, was visiting friends in this locality this week.

I. H Irey, of the Cleveland stock yards, is here this week among his friends

Mrs H C. Martindale was called to Oberlin, O, on Tuesday, by the serious illness of her father at that place

Our editor, Fulton, left on last Saturday for the northern part of the state, and in consequence therof the "Argus' came out on time this week, under the management of Thomas Maher

Here are a few nuts for our town council to crack. When does the party, who agreed to take the corner room of the town building at a stated sum for rent, move into the same'

When will the township trustees occupy the room built for their use in the new town hall building, and in which the council were the only parties to the contract'

Why does the council pass on a few bills presented to them, without any investigation whatever, while others are laid over or placed in the hands of a trustee committee for their approval or not, as the case may be' This is a matter in which all our citizens are interested.

L. S Geddes, our popular butcher, is spending a few weeks among his Yankee friends in Jersey.

Our sick are all improving and a new cases of grip

Mrs. John. Warwick has received notice that her claim for pension has been allowed.

C. H Rowse returned from Bellefontaine Monday.

I. M. Warwick was over from Marion a couple of hours on Monday evening Rustic

The Spleen

[illegible] the spleen ... the stomach, which supplies the proper ... Constipation or Biliousness

JULIUS STRELITZ

YIELDS TO DEATH'S INEXORABLE SUMMONS AND

An Honored and Valued Citizen Passes Away—Death Comes Suddenly at His Daughters' Home in Fostoria—Funeral Announcement Not Made as Yet.

(From Wednesday's Daily.)

The announcement that "Julius Strelitz is dead" coming with unexpected suddeness from the home of his daughter in Fostoria, where he was convalescing from recent illness, will carry sorrow to the hearts of thousands in Marion county whose friendship and respect he had secured by a long life among them, of most honorable usefulness.

Mr. Strelitz was yet young—sixty-two this month—having been born in Tremessen, province of Posen, Prussia, February 21th, 1830. His boyhood was passed during the troublous and stormy period that pervaded all Europe prior to the unfortunate revolution of 1848. The home of Mr. Strelitz's father was the center of active operation of both the revolutionary and government parties, and during the temporary occupancy of the town, the senior Strelitz, eminent and honored by his fellow-townsmen, was singled out and made the victim of jealous rage and anti-Semitic fury and most foully murdered. Amid such bloody scenes Mr. Strelitz carried himself with the unshrinking courage of a brave and dutiful son. For two years he served in the Prussian infantry, and it was noticeable through all his commercial career in Marion that the erect carriage of the soldier was always apparent. In 1852 he married, and for a bridal trip Mr. and Mrs. Strelitz emigrated to America, taking the long, perilous and stormy voyage of passage by a sailing ship. Perilous indeed it proved, for soon after sailing cholera broke out upon ship board, and for weeks raged with violence. The young couple in this predicament never despaired, but daily witnessed the gruesome spectacle of death and burial at sea from a doomed ship, with that tranquil mind and abiding faith that always characterizes the followers of the God of Israel. Spared where death found many, Mr. and Mrs. Strelitz first located in Columbus, Ohio, but in October 1851, settled permanently in Marion. The town was then being subjected to the prosperity incident to a railway point, but depressed by a severe visitation of cholera. Mr. Strelitz at once engaged in the clothing business and since then has remained always a successful and popular merchant.

He was repeatedly called by his fellow citizens to places of public trust and was always faithful. He was a member of council, for ten years upon the board of education, and four years treasurer of Marion county. When elected to the latter office for the first term, an attempt was made to excite the bigotry of the ignorant upon anti-Jewish grounds, during the canvass, but this utterly failed and Mr. Strelitz was touched by the rare tribute paid him when at his second canvass he received a tremendous majority far in advance of his party. He was eminent for purity of character; his word was equal to a bond, he knew not bigotry, and although a strict follower of the religion of his fathers, he was liberal in opinion to a fault. He was public spirited, genial, generous and possessing the courtesy of a gentleman born.

A prominent and practical Mason; a true and sterling Democrat; an unswerving son of Israel, he dies and no man passes from our midst in a third of a century whose leaving creates a larger vacancy, whose friends mourn more sincerely or to whose grief-stricken family more tender sympathy extends.

Burial will doubtless be made at Columbus, in a Jewish burial ground The particulars of the funeral can not be announced today. From Fostoria came the simple announcement of his death. Henry Strelitz left for Fostoria at noon.

BROUGHT HOME

The Remains of Julius Strelitz Arrive in the City—Funeral Arrangements

(From Thursday's Daily.)

The remains of Julius Strelitz, who died at Fostoria Wednesday morning, arrived in this city this forenoon between 9 and 10 o'clock. They were accompanied, besides the bereaved members of his family, by O. V. Wood, F. R. Stewart, W. D. Robbins and J. Welding, pastmasters of the Fostoria Masonic lodge. At the depot in this city they were met by over thirty Masonic brethren and escorted to the residence of deceased, on south West street.

Marion Masons deeply grieve the loss of Mr Strelitz. He was a member of three of the local bodies, Marion Lodge No. 70, F. and A. M., Marion Chapter, No 62, R. A. M., and Marion Council, No 22, R. and S. M. He was a past master, and was closly identified with the order of Masonry as one of its most active members of the fraternity.

The funeral services will occur Friday. There will be no services in this city, but the remains may be viewed at the house previous to being taken to Columbus on the 9 30 train on the C., H. V. and T. They will be accompanied by the Masonic bodies of this city. Arriving at Columbus the funeral party will proceed to the Jewish temple, where services will be conducted, and the remains will be taken from there to the Jewish cemetery, where the Masonic services will be observed and interment will follow.

The circumstances of Mr. Strelitz's death are particularly sad, as it was unexpected On Tuesday evening he was feeling quite well, and had enjoyed a social season at cards with members of the family. About 7:20 o'clock Wednesday morning, he arose and was in the act of reaching for a capsule which he kept to use in case he felt a recurrence of his recent heart trouble, when he fell prostrate to the floor. Mrs. Strelitz was at his side in a moment and was startled upon observing his condition. The family were aroused at once and medical aid summoned, but of no avail, he was dead.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Strelitz, of Warren, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Sugerman, of Fostoria, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Cohn, of Pittsburg, and Messrs. A. B. Cohn and Lazarus, of Columbus, are in the city to pay their last tribute to the departed.

GREEN CAMP GLEANINGS

A Bright Correspondent with a Breezy Budget of News.

Green Camp, Feb. 4 —The remains of Austin Funk were removed from the vault on Thursday and buried in Green Camp cemetery.

It is rumored that a certain lady in this township gave her husband and his friend a rather warm reception on their return from Marion. She objected to the uncommon jag they carried.

The boys are now anxious to trade seventy-five cent skates for fifteen cent base balls.

Messrs. Haines & Wolford are making extensive improvements in their flouring mill.

Henry Freeland, our miller, has accepted a position with the Prospect mill and left for his new home on Tuesday. Harry leaves a host of friends here who wish him well.

Two young men living south of town are nursing black eyes. They were foolish enough to try to settle a quarrel by running against each other's knuckles. Fighting is bad business, boys.

Chas. Somerlot moves into the building vacated by Prof Poland.

Mr. Weeks has moved to Marion and Willie Knickle takes possession of the Patton property.

Mr. Steinmetz was elected superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school last Sunday.

Uncle Sam's weather bureau seems to have knocked out the ground hog as a weather prophet.

I hear that our village blacksmith pines for a return to his native heath Too many "greasers" in the Rio Grande country for him.

Oh, the mud, the horrid mud.
Mud everywhere, deep and black.
Out of sight, with a dull thud,
Go our rubbers—they never come back.

Rev. Cox is said to have got badly scared on Monday. He read in the papers that this part of the country is being flooded with counterfeit dollars. What if he had been victimized? The examination of his "pile" reassured him. He says bankers and preachers cannot be too careful of their money these days

Wes Free never knew how to sympathize with poor old Job until now. He doesn't want any more experience with boils

Reuben Hopkins is preparing to erect a new residence on his fine farm.

It is rumored that James Rayl and family will move to Marion soon. Our loss will be Marion's gain for there are no better people in the world than James and his family.

Little Joe Berry's remains were laid to rest on Saturday last in the Marion cemetery. Rev. Cox preached the funeral sermon. It was a sad occasion for the bereaved parents and sympathizing friends.

The friends of the irrepressible "Cow Boy preacher" will be interested in hearing that he is holding revival meetings in Knoxville, Tenn. The daily papers say that he has captured the city The largest M. E. church in the city is crowded at all of the services, only the early goers getting seats. On Tuesday he preached to the public school children who packed the church almost to suffocation. Sam will make a sensation wherever he goes.

The N. Y., P. and O. people of Marion ought to protect their patrons from a peculiar annoyance—affliction it has become—if it requires the Marion police and Prospect militia to do it. With the arrival and departure of every train someone rushes in, casts a wild eyed glance around at the palace car depot, then looks commiseratingly on the long suffering and patient passengers and says "This used to be Jim Fisk's car." When no one seems to be paralyzed he sinks out of the caboose cushion in utter astonishment. The boor doesn't know that we've heard that remark a million times. Time doesn't help matters; it never will unless something is done to choke these fellows off It might help if the agent would put up a big poster, also furnish each passenger a tag to hang around his neck, with this inscription: "This was Jim Fisk's car, give us a rest"

Green Camper

CLARIDON-ADELAIDE

Weekly Contribution of Personal and Local Notes by the Star Scribe.

Adelaide, Feb 3—Mr. and Mrs. W. C Mitchell are suffering with the grip.

The M E church will have the dinner stand at Messrs. Howser's sale on Feb. 11 and 12. They solicit the patronage of all.

Mrs. Dr. DeVore has been confined to her bed several days.

Dr C C Owen left Monday evening on a visit with friends in Hardin county.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smithson is very poorly, and owing to her age we fear she may have a very serious time. However, we wish her a speedy recovery.

Loyd Irey is on the sick list, also Clay Brecklesby.

Misses Mattie Ullom and Ora Irey were compelled to close school a week, on account of bad colds.

Mrs. Jno. Mitchell is improving some.

Mrs. S. Smith, nee Mrs. Jas. Irey, Joe Mitchell, Mrs. J. Boyer and Master Carl Britton are indisposed.

S. J. Adams has returned from his southern trip and although he enjoyed his trip very much, he says for a home he prefers our Buckeye state.

I L. Britton made a flying trip to Knox county Thursday last and returned Saturday. His mother, Mrs. Lewis Britton, accompanied him to our village and remained some time.

Esquire Early and wife spent Sabbath in Morrow county.

Messrs. Adam and Lou Austin, of Marion, spent Sabbath in our village last week.

Mrs. B. R. Howser spent Sunday with her parents.

THE NEWS FROM LA RUE.

The Sale of the News—Numerous Local and Personal Notes.

LaRue, Feb. 3—The LaRue News has been sold to J. J. Brooking, of Bradford, Pa. When brother Worden took charge of the office it was not in a prosperous condition. He knew what was needed and added it to the stock, until it was an object to get a job of work done. He made the paper so interesting that it is considered a household necessity. No town like LaRue can show a better paper and the advertising department was well patronized, and financially was a very good investment. No person will ever guard the welfare of the town with a more jealous eye, or devote his time and money more freely. We are sorry to see him leave, but glad to know that he has a position in view much more favorable. Mr. Brooking is a very pleasant gentleman; we have no fear but what he will keep the paper and office up to the standard given it by his predecessor.

John Hopkins, Sr., and wife, are visiting relatives in this neighborhood this week. He was one of Marion county's first settlers, and was near LaRue when the cyclone occurred that caused the windfall in Bowling Green township.

L. A Sprackien is the father of a boy. Mother and child are doing nicely, and pa will recover unless the grip results fatally.

Uncle Sammy Hopkins, who resides in Marion, a small village on the railroad east of this place, was in town last week. It was easily seen he was from the backwoods or a small village, as he did not have the hustle incident to a natural gas city of the class of LaRue, Chicago or Findlay.

Joseph Wortman has moved to Bloomington, Ill. He was a good citizen and we are sorry he decided to leave.

We understand that Tommy Anderson will come back in the near future. He has concluded that there is a great deal of impure air on the banks of the Tymoch.

We understand that the Pisgah singing school class gave one of the finest concerts of the season. Notwithstaning the weather, a couple hundred persons were there.

G. L. Sheeklar was in town Saturday last. First time for several weeks; on account of sickness.

B. F. Sager went to Columbus Saturday to see his son, Henry, who is attending a medical college there. He is still very sick with lung trouble.

John Hasting and Uncle Tommy Miller are dangerously sick at present. Both are very old and recovery is doubtful.

B. W. Miller went to Marion Wednesday on business.

Dr. N. B. Ridgeway, of Galion, was out to see his uncle, C. C. Rigeway, who is still very sick.

The masked ball given by "our club" was a complete success and a very pleasant affair. The receipts paid all expenses.

A small child of Chip Quigley's died last week and was taken to Galion for burial. Adam.

BOWLING GREEN TOWNSHIP

Patrons of Husbandry and the Aims of the Order--Topics for Debate.

LaRue, Feb. 2—John Culp will soon locate near Mt. Victory, on Butler's farm.

John Huffman has located about the center of our township.

The question for debate for the Bowling Green literary society next Friday evening is resolved, "That morality increases as civilization does"

The question for Schertzer school house for Thursday evening, Feb. 4th, is resolved, "That the signs of the times predict the downfall of our nation."

The question for Sam Young school house next Thursday evening is resolved, "That Lee was a greater general than Grant."

A lodge of Patrons of Husbandry has been organized at the Bell's school house with a membership of thirty-two to commence with. By uniting the ties of the agriculturist they are doing only what all other industries are doing. By so doing they mutually resolve to abhor any move that is a detriment to their interests as a farmer and countryman. They also try to develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves; to enhance the comforts and attractions of our homes and strengthen our attachments to our pursuits; to foster mutual understanding; to maintain inviolate our laws; to emulate each other in labor; to hasten the good time coming, to reduce our expenses; to buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining, to diversify our crops and crop no more than we can cultivate; to condense the weight of our exports; selling less in bushel and more on hoof and in fleece; less in lint and more in warps and woof; to discountenance the credit system, the fashion system and every other system tending to prodigality and bankruptcy. They propose meeting together, talking together, working together, buying together, selling together, and in general acting together for our mutual protection and advancement, as occasion may require.

They desire to bring producers and consumers, farmers and manufacturers, into the most direct and friendly relations possible. Hence they dispense with a surplus of middlemen, not that they are unfriendly to them but they do not need them. Their surplus and their exactions diminish our profits They wage no aggressive warfare against any other interest whatever. On the contrary, all their acts and all their efforts, so far as business is concerned are not only for the benefit of the producer and consumer, but also for all other interests that tend to bring these two parties into speedy and economical contact. A Reader.

JOE SPIKES LETTER

Things In and About DeCliff Recorded and Commented Upon.

DeCliff, Feb. 3.—Wright Head, of Hepburn, was in town Monday.

Senator Bain preached for DeCliff people Sunday evening last.

Jim Hull is on the sick list and is spending a few days at Marseilles.

The LaRue News has changed hands. Bro. Worden put out the best LaRue paper for many years.

Frank Hickman is the father of a bouncing boy, his first born. Mother doing well. Dr. Feaster officiated.

R. W. Born has resigned as night operator for C. and E. at DeCliff, and is working for the Western Union at Springfield. M. E. Marshall, of Agosta, is in his place.

Enos. Baldwin, of Kenton, the wide-awake life insurance agent, was at DeCliff Wednesday, looking after business in his line.

While at Byhalia last week, Gil Smith slipped and fell, straining his left limb painfully, which will lay him up for several days at least.

Dr. Briggs, of Scott Town, was in town Friday on business. The Doctor reports much sickness, mostly la grippe, some severe cases.

To all appearance the wheat in this vicinity is dead. This state of affairs may not however exist and spring may bring it out, but a poor prospect is shown now.

It will be too bad indeed if the state legislature don't cut out a Republican congressional district including Marion. Old time strife will not come up, but a dark horse heretofore unknown as ambitious for congressional honors will be put forward who will carry off the plum.

Mrs. Senator Bain is spending this week with the Senator at the capital. In the meantime Mrs. Add Bain, of LaRue, has taken charge of the domestic affairs of the Bain homestead.

It appears probable on the surface that the Prohibitionists cannot cure the drink evil after years of toil. Therefore the doctors all over the country are trying their hands scientifically and are making plenty of money out of it and don't have to go on the stump either. Give the M. D.'s a chance.

Some of Doc Roux's friends tell rather a good joke on him that occurred last week. He was out on the place and run across what he called coon tracks; he followed up the trail expecting to tree. After covering about about five miles he came upon some friends who at once pronounced the trail dog tracks. It is said Doc collapsed, but he claims he knew they were dog tracks and was spotting sheep killing dogs. But Doc's story is declared rather fishy by the other parties.

Leap year parties are now in vogue, the first one took place at James Churches' Tuesday night and for a starter it was a decided success. One or two young men in our immediate vicinity got left on partners. You see the girls now make the proposals and considering the circumstances the party at Mr. Churches' was well represented and the young ladies desire special credit for the required courage mustered up in getting so large a crowd out.

Joe Spikes

AFTER GREENCAMPER

The LaRue Correspondent Dons His Editorial War Paint and Whoops Things Up.

LaRue, O, Feb 3—I see that a little "Meddlesome Mattie" who sends items to the Star about J. D. Cox and the church he represents, never profited by the axiom, "keep your nose out of other people's business," has concluded God Almighty needs an assistant, and has resolved himself into an avenging Nemesis and insists on a fight in the columns of the Star. Now, liable as common mortals are to be deceived, I took him for a missionary and lo, he came out a well matured pole cat. The Star is the leading paper of the county and read by the intelligent people of all parties, but if it ever degenerates into a pole cat paper you will surely be called on to contribute Probably you think you were called to assist, but I will venture to assert it was someone calling pigs or geese, so I will offer a little fatherly advice. I think you have missed your chance; you ought to have told President Harrison of your remarkable and extraordinary fighting qualities and willingness to distinguish yourself and battle for the right. What an immense sum you would have saved to the nation: all that was necessary would have been to anchor a boat on the windward side of Chili with another pole cat on board and put you into some prominent place on the other side and let you commence to make rhymes, the apology would have been promptly on hand If the venture had resulted disastrously, considered by the plan of profit and loss, all this country would have asked would have been pay for the pelt of the pole cat, and that would not have been vigorously contended for. As Shakespeare, Byron and all the poets that could compete with you are dead I would try to secure that $5000 prize for the best poem to be read at the opening of the World's Fair, and if you don't succeed the paper can be used for domestic purposes. I suppose you are a school boy if not your body has out grown your intellect. Such "live or die, survive or perish" style as you affect might pass in an amateur literary society in a primary school, or an asylum for feeble minded youth, but would corrupt the columns of the Star. Your style and flourish soars far above Roscoe Concklin's turkey cock and was never equaled, only approached by an noisy bantam rooster on a pleasant spring morning. I see you have an attack of verdancy, subject to youth from nine to fourteen years of age, but you will probably recover from it in time to help us usher the millennium. Before you start out on your crusade against the world, the flesh and the devil, I would advise you to see "Jack, the Giant Killer," and get receipt for killing giants. This is prayerfully dedicated to Green-Camper for his benefit, as my christian piety would not allow me to go to war with such a pigmy. Adam.

At the Deitsch Home.

A party of about twenty young people from this place drove out to the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Deitsch, about two and a half miles southeast of here, Wednesday night. An evening was pleasantly spent in games and music. Then before the guests were allowed to depart a fine supper was served, such as only can be enjoyed in a country home. It was after the midnight hour when the party returned to their homes.

From Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

"40 Orange St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1890.

"I have used Allcock's Plasters for some years for myself and family, and as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains which flesh is heir to. I have used Allcock's Plasters for all kind of lameness and acute pain, and, by frequent experiments, find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars.

"The above is the only testimonial I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has ever been used to recommend any other it is without my authority or sanction."

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

Preparing for a Final Blow.

Realitos, Tex., Feb. 5. — All the forces, state and federal, are on the move for a final assault on Garza's stronghold. Two more prisoners are in the rangers' camp, taken in recent skirmishes. It is not thought another fight will take place before next week, but when it comes it is expected to wind up the preliminaries.

His Life Spared.

Albany, Feb. 5.—Governor Flower yesterday commuted the sentence in the case of Nicola Trezza, who is now in Sing Sing under sentence of death, to imprisonment for life.

All a Mistake.

Chicago, Feb. 5.—A special to The Post from Ottawa, Ills, says the rumor printed in Chicago to the effect that a new trial had been granted to the slayers of Dr. Cronin is utterly without foundation. As well as can be learned the supreme court has not as yet prepared an opinion on the appeal from the lower court.

Making Steel at the Lake Side.

West Superior, Mich., Feb. 5.—The first steel plate from the West Superior steel and iron plant has been delivered to the Whaleback shipyards. This is the first steel plant at the head of the lakes and employs 1,000 men. It is capitalized for $5,000,000.

Republicans Not In It.

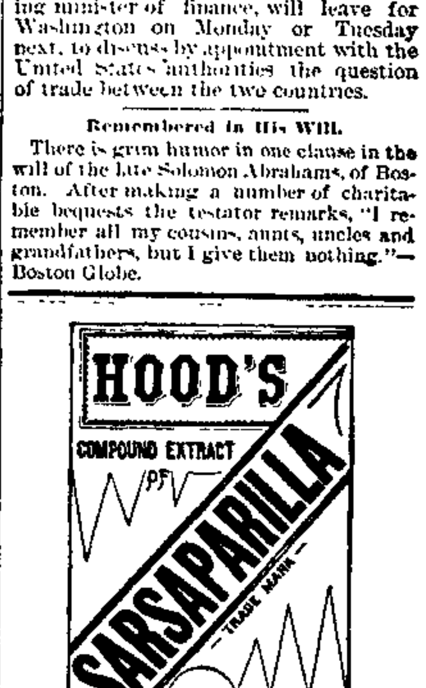
Raleigh, Feb. 5.—The Republican state committee met here Wednesday and called a state convention in April to elect delegates to the national Republican convention. It was decided not to nominate a Republican ticket at this convention.

Canadians Coming to Talk Business.

Toronto, Feb. 5.—A special from Ottawa to The Empire, the government organ, says: It is definitely understood that Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, acting minister of finance, will leave for Washington on Monday or Tuesday next, to discuss by appointment with the United States authorities the question of trade between the two countries.

Remembered in His Will.

There is grim humor in one clause in the will of the late Solomon Abrahams, of Boston. After making a number of charitable bequests the testator remarks, "I remember all my cousins, aunts, uncles and grandfathers, but I give them nothing."—Boston Globe.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

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JOHN BRENT

By THEODORE WINTHROP.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

JAKE SHAMBERLAIN.



"Bung my eyes!"

I led my friend toward the corral.

"A fine horse that gray of yours," said I.

"Yes; a splendid fellow—staunch and true. He will go till he dies."

"In tip top condition too. What do you call him?"

"Pumps."

"Why Pumps? Why not Pistons? or Cranks? or Walking Beams? or some part of the steam engine that does the going directly?"

"You have got the wrong clew. I named him after our old dancing master. Pumps, the horse, has a favorite amble, precisely like that skipping walk that Pumps, the man, used to set us for model—a bouncing gait that prejudiced me until I saw what a stride he kept for the time when stride was wanting."

"Here is my black gentleman. What do you think of him?"

Don Fulano trotted up and licked a handful of corn from my hand. Corn was four dollars a bushel. The profits of the "Foolometer" mine did not allow of such luxuries. But old Gerrian had presented me with a sack of it.

Fulano crunched his corn, snorted his thanks and then snuffed questioningly, and afterward approvingly, about the stranger.

"Soul and body of Bucephalus!" said Brent. "There is a quadruped that is a horse."

"Isn't he?" said I, thrilling with pride for him.

"To look at such a fellow is a romance. He is the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

"No exception?"

"Not one."

"Woman! lovely woman!" I cried, with mock enthusiasm.

"If I had ever seen a woman to compare with that horse, after her kind, I should not be here."

"Where then?"

"Wherever she was. Living for her. Dying for her." * * *

Tomorrow it was. Having a comrade, I need not wait for the mail riders. Lucky that I did not. They came only three days after us. But on the Humbolt the Indians met them and obliged them to doff the tops of their heads, as a mark of respect to Indian civilization.

We started, two men and seven animals. Each of us had a pack mule and a roadster pony, with a spare one, in case accident should befall either of his wiry brethren.

Pumps and Fulano, as good friends as their masters, trotted along without burden. We rode them rarely. Only often enough to remind them how a saddle feels, and that dangling legs are not frightful. They must be fresh, if we should ever have to run for it. We might. Indians might cast fanciful glances at the tops of our heads. The other horses might give out. So Pumps, with his fantastic dancing step that would not crush a grasshopper, and Fulano, grander, prouder, and still untamable to any one but me, went on waiting for their time of action.

I skip the first thousand miles of our journey. Not that it was not exciting, but it might be anybody's journey. Myriads have made it. It is an old story.

I will not even delay to describe Utah, not even for its watermelons' sake, though that tricolor dainty greatly gladdened our dry jaws, as we followed the valley from Box Elder, the northernmost settlement, to the city of the great Salt Lake.

In a few days of repose we had exhausted Mormon civilization and, horses and men fresh and in brave heart, we rode out of the modern Mecca one glorious day of early October through the bare defiles of the Wasatch mountains, wall of Utah on the east. We passed Echo canyon and the other straight gates and rough ways through which the Latter-day Saints win an entrance to their Zion.

We met them in throngs, hard at work at such winning. The summer emigration of Mormons was beginning to come in. No one would have admitted their claim to saint-ship from their appearance. If they had no better passport than their garb, "Avaunt! Procul este profani!" would have cried any trustworthy janitor of Zion. Saints, if I know them, are clean—are not ragged, are not even patched. Their garments renew themselves, shed rain like mackintosh, repel dust, sweeten unsavoriness. These sham saints needed unlimited scouring—persons and raiment. We passed them, when we could, to windward. Poor creatures! we shall see more of their kindred anon.

We hastened on, for our way was long and autumn's hospitable days were few. Just at the foot of those bare, bulky mounds of mountain by which the Wasatch range tones off into the great plains between it and the Rockies, we overtook the Salt Lake mail party going eastward. They were traveling eight or ten men strong, with a four mule wagon, and several horses and mules driven beside for relays.

"If Jake Shamberlain is the captain of the party," said Brent, when we caught sight of them upon the open, "we'll join them."

"Who is Jake Shamberlain?"

"A happy-go-lucky fellow whom I have met and recognized all over the world. He has been a London policeman. He was pulling stroke oar in the captain's gig that took me ashore from a dinner on board the Firefly, British steamer, at the Pireus. He has been a lay brother in a Carthusian convent. He married a pretty girl in Boston once, went off on a mackerel trip and when he came back the pretty girl had bigamized. That made Mormon and polygamist of him. He came out two or three years ago, and, being a thriving fellow, has got to himself lands and beeves and wives without number. Biddulph and I staid several days with him when we came through in the summer. His ranch is down the valley, toward Provo. He owns half the United States mail contract. They told me in the city that he intended to run this trip himself. You will see an odd compound of a fellow."

"I should think so: policeman, acolyte, man-of-war's man, Yankee husband, Mormon! Has he come to his finality?"

"He thinks so. He is a shrewd fellow of many smatterings. He says there are only two logical religions in the civilized world—the Popish and the Mormon. These two are the only ones that have any basis in authority. His convent experiences disenchanted him with Catholicism. He is quite irreverent, is the estimable Jake. He says monks are a set of snuffy old reprobates. He says that he found celibacy tended to all manner of low vice; that monogamy disappointed him; so he tried the New Revelation, polygamy and all, and has become an ardent propagandist and exhorter. Take the man as he is, and he has plenty of brave, honest qualities."

We had by this time ridden up to the mail party. They were moving slowly along. The night's camping spot was near. It was a bit of grassy level on the bank of a river, galloping over the pebbles with its mountain impetus still in it—Green river, perhaps; Green or White, or Big Sandy or Little Stony.

"Hillo, Shamberlain!" hailed Brent, riding up to the train.

"Howdydo? Howdydo? No swap!" responded Jake, after the Indian fashion. "Bung my eyes! ef you're not the mate of all mates I'm glad to see. Pax vobiscum, my filly! You look as fresh as an Aperel shad. Praised be the Lord!" continued he, relapsing into Mormon slang, "who has sent thee again, like a brand from the burning, to fall into paths of pleasantness with the saints, as they wander from the promised land to the mean section where the low lived Gentiles ripen their souls for hell."

Droll farrago! but just as Jake delivered it. He had the slang and the swearing of all climes and countries at his tongue's end.

"Hello, stranger!" said he, turning to me. "I allowed you was the barrow-night."

"It's my friend, Richard Wade," said Brent.

"Yours to command, Brother Wade," Jake says hospirably. "Ef you turn out prime, one of the out and outers, like Brother John Brent, I'll tip 'em the wink to let you off easy at the Judgment Day, Gentile or not. I've hooked Brother John far Paradise. Brother Joseph's got a white robe fur him, blow high, blow low!"

We rode along beside Shamberlain.

"What did you mean just now?" asked my friend. "You spoke of Wade's being the baronet."

"I allowed you wouldn't leave him behind."

"I don't understand. I have not seen him since we left you in the summer. I've been on to California and back."

"The barrownight's been stoppin round in the valley ever since. He seems to have a call to stop. Perhaps his heart is tetched, and he is goan to jine the Lord's people. I left him down to my ranch ten days ago, playing with a grizzly cub, what he's trying to make a gentleman of. A pooty average gentleman it'll make too."

"Very odd!" says Brent to me. "Biddulph meant to start for home at once when we parted. He had some errand in behalf of the lady he had run away from."

"Probably he found he could not trust his old wounds under her eyes again. Wants another year's crust over his scarified heart."

"Quite likely. Well, I wish we had known he was in the valley. We would have carried him back with us. A fine fellow! Couldn't be a better!"

"Not raw, as Englishmen generally are?"

"No; well ripened by a year or so in America."

By this time we had reached camp.

Horses first, self afterward, is the law of the plains travel. A camp must have:

1. Water.
2. Fodder.
3. Fuel.

These are the necessities. Anything else is luxury.

We joined suppers with our new friends. After supper we sat smoking our pipes and talking horse, Indians, bear fights, scalping and other brutal business, such as the world has not outgrown.

CHAPTER V.

ENTER, THE BRUTES!

The sun had just gone down. There was a red wrangle of angry vapors over the mounds of mountain westward. A brace of travelers from Salt Lake way rode up and lighted their camp fire near ours. More society in that lonely world. Two families, with two sets of Lares and Penates.



"Hello, men!" said he, with a familiar air.

Not attractive society. They were a sinister looking couple of hounds. A lean wolfish and a fat bony dog.

One was a rawboned, stringy chap—as gaunt, unkempt and cruel a Pike as ever pillaged the cabin, insulted the wife and squirted tobacco over the dead body of a Free State settler in Kansas. The other was worse, because craftier. A little man, stockish, oily and red in the face. A jaunty fellow, too, with a certain shabby air of coxcombry even in his travel stained attire.

They were well mounted, both. The long ruffian rode a sorrel, big and bony as himself, and equally above such accidents as food or no food. The little villain's mount was a red roan, a Flathead horse, rather naggy, but perfectly hardy and wiry—an animal that one would choose to do a thousand miles in twenty days or a hundred between sunrise and sunset. They had also two capital mules, packed very light. One was branded "A. & A."

Distrust and disgust are infallible instincts. Men's hearts and lives are written on their faces, to warn or charm. Never reject that divine or devilish record!

Brent read the strangers, shivered at me, and said, sotto voce, "What a precious pair of cutthroats! We must look sharp for our horses while they are about."

"Yes," returned I, in the same tone; "they look to me like Sacramento gamblers, who have murdered somebody, and had to make tracks for their lives."

"The Cassius of the pair is bad enough," said Brent; "but that oily little wretch sickens me." * * *

The objectionable stranger came to our camp fire.

"Hello, men!" said he, with a familiar air, "it's a fine night;" and meeting with no response, he continued, "but I reckon you don't allow nothin else but fine nights in this section."

"Bad company makes all nights bad," says Jake Shamberlain, gruffly enough.

"Ay; and good company betters the ornerest sort er weather. The more the merrier, eh?"

"Suppos'in its more perarer wolves or more rattlesnakes or more horsethieving, scalpin Utes!" says Jake, unpropitiated.

"Oh," said the newcomer a little uneasily, "I don't mean sech. I mean jolly dogs, like me and my pardener. We allowed you'd choose company fit camp. We'd like to stick our pegs in alongside of your'n ef no gent hain't gothin to say agin it."

"It's a free country," Jake said, "and looks pooty roomy 'round here. You ken camp whar you blame please—off or on."

"Well," says the fellow, laying hold of this very slight encouragement, "since you're agreeable, we'll fry our pork over your fire and hev a smoke to better acquaintance."

"He ain't squimmidge," said Jake to us, as the fellow walked off to call his comrade. "He's bound to ring himself into this here party, whoever says stickleback. He's one er them Algerines what don't know a Sark hint till it begins to make motions and kicks 'em out. Well, two more men with two regiments' allowance of shootin irons won't do no harm in this Ingin country."

"Well, boys!" said the unpleasant fating, approaching again. "Here is my pardener, Sam Smith, from Sacramenter; what he don't know about a horse ain't worth knowin. My name is Jim Robinson. I ken sing a song, tell a story or fling a card with any man, in town or out er town." * * *

Next morning the two strangers were free and accepted members of the party. They traveled on with us without question. Smith the gaunt affected a rough frankness of manner. Robinson was low comedy. His head was packed with scurvy jokes and stories. He had a foul leer on his face whenever he was thinking his own thoughts. But either, if suddenly startled, showed the unmistakable look that announces worse crime than mere knavery.

They tangled their names so that we perceived each was an alias hastily assumed. Smith compared sixshooters with me. I detected on his the name Murker, half erased. Once, too, Brent heard Murker, alias Smith, call his partner Larrap.

"Larrap is appropriate," said I, when Brent told me this; "just the name for him, as that mulacky mule branded 'A. & A.' could testify."

"I have no prejudices against the family Larrap. But when Larrap's mate spoke the name, he looked at me as if he had been committing a murder, and had by an irresistible impulse proclaimed the fact. Look at him now! How he starts and half turns whenever one of our horses makes a clatter. He dares not quite look back. He knows there is something after him."

"The dread of a vengeance, you think."

I tire of these unwholesome characters I am describing. But I did not put them into the story. They took their places themselves. I find that brutality interferes in most dramas and most lives.

CHAPTER VI.

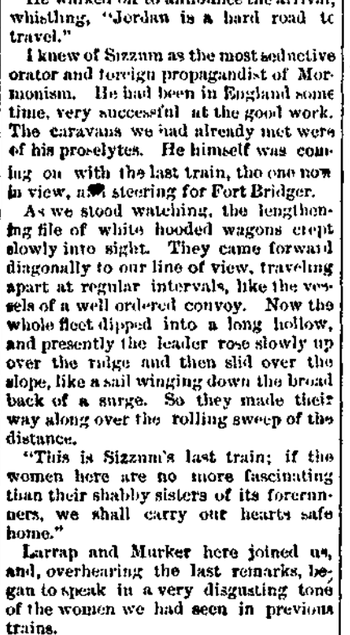
A MORMON CARAVAN.

Still, as we rode along, the same rich, tranquil days of October; the air always potable gold, and every breath nepentue.

Early on one of the fairest of afternoons when all were fairest we reached Fort Bridger. Bridger had been an old hunter, trapper, and by and by that forlorn hope of civilization, the holder of an Indian trading post. The spot is better known now. It was there that that miserable bungle and blunder of an administration, more fool, if that be possible, than knave—the Mormon expedition in 1858—took refuge after its disasters on the Sweetwater.

At the moment of our arrival Bridger's fort had just suffered capture. Its owner was missing. The old fellow had deemed himself the squatter sovereign of that bleak and sear region. He had built an adobe mud fort, with a palisade, on a sweep of plain a degree less desert than the deserts hard by. That oasis was his oasis, so he fondly hoped; that mud fort, his mud fort; those willows and alders, his thickets; and that trade, his trade.

But Bridger was one man, and he had powerful neighbors. It was a case of "O si angulus iste!"—a Naboth's vineyard case. The Mormons did not love the rugged mountaineer; that worthy Gentile, in turn, thought the saints no better than so many of the ungodly. The Mormons coveted oasis, fort, thicket and trade. They accused the old fellow of selling powder and ball to hostile Indians—to Walker, chief of the Utes, a scion, no doubt, of the Hookey Walker branch of that family. Very likely he had done so. At all events, it was a good pretext. So in the name of the prophet, and Brigham, successor of the prophet, the Latter-day Saints had made a raid upon the post. Bridger escaped to the mountains. The captors occupied the Gentile's property, and spoiled his goods.



Brent caught him by the collar and gave him a shake.

"I'm sorry old Bridger has come to grief," said Brent to me as we rode over the plain toward the fort. "He was a rough, but worth all the Latter-day Saints this side of Armageddon. Biddulph and I staid a week with him last summer, when we came from the mountains about Laggernel alley." * * *

Jake and the main party stopped at the fort. We rode on a quarter of a mile farther, and camped near a stream, where the grass was plenteous.

We left our little cabalkada nibbling daintily at the sweetest spires of self cured hay, and walked back to the fort.

We stood there chatting with the garrison. Presently Brent's quick eye caught some white spots far away on the slope of the prairie, like sails on the edge of a dreamy, sunny sea.

"Look!" said he, "there comes a Salt Lake immigration train."

"Yes," said a Mormon of the garrison, "that's Elder Sizzum's train. Their forerunner came in this morning to choose the camping spot. There they be! two hundred ox teams, a thousand saints, bound for the Promised Land."

He walked off to announce the arrival, whistling, "Jordan is a hard road to travel."

I knew of Sizzum as the most seductive orator and foreign propagandist of Mormonism. He had been in England some time, very successful at the good work. The caravans we had already met were of his proselytes. He himself was coming on with the last train, the one now in view, and steering for Fort Bridger.

As we stood watching, the lengthening file of white hooded wagons crept slowly into sight. They came forward diagonally to our line of view, traveling apart at regular intervals, like the vessels of a well ordered convoy. Now the whole fleet dipped into a long hollow, and presently the leader rose slowly up over the ridge and then slid over the slope, like a sail winging down the broad back of a surge. So they made their way along over the rolling sweep of the distance.

"This is Sizzum's last train; if the women here are no more fascinating than their shabby sisters of its forerunners, we shall carry our hearts safe home."

Larrap and Murker here joined us, and, overhearing the last remarks, began to speak in a very disgusting tone of the women we had seen in previous trains.

"I don't wish to hear that kind of stuff," said Brent, turning sternly upon Larrap.

"It's a free country, and I shall say what I blame please," the fellow said, with a grin.

"Then say it by yourself and away from me."

"You're blame squimmidge," said Larrap, and added a beastly remark.

Brent caught him by the collar and gave him a shake.

Murker put his hand to a pistol and looked "Murder, if I dared!"

"None of that," said I, stepping before him.

Jake Shamberlain, seeing the quarrel, came running up. "Now, Brother Brent," said Jake, "no shindies in this here Garden of Paradise. If the gent has made a remark what teches you, apologies is in order, an he'll make all fair and squar."

Brent gave the greasy man a fling.

He went down. Then he got up, with a trace of Bridger's claim on his red shirt.

"Yer needn't be so blame harsh with a feller," said he. "I didn't mean no offense."

"Very well. Learn to talk like a man and not like a brute!" said Brent.

The two men walked off together with black looks.

"You look disappointed, Shamberlain," said I. "Did you expect a battle?"

"There's no fight in them fellers," said Jake; "but ef they can serve you a mean trick they'll do it; and they're ambushin now to look in the dixonary and see what it is. You'd better keep the lariats of that black and that gray tied round your legs tonight, and every good horse thief night while they're along. They may be jolly dogs and let their chances slide at cards, but my notion is they're layin low for bigger hauls."

"Good advice, Jake; and so we will."

By this time the head wagons of Elder Sizzum's train had crept down upon the level near us. For the length of a long mile behind, the serpentine line held its way. On the yellow rim of the world, with softened outlines against the hazy horizon, the rear wagons were still climbing up into view. The caravan lay like a slowly writhing hydra over the land. Along its snaky bends, where dragon wings should be, were herds of cattle, plodding beside the "trailing footed" teams, and little companies of saints lounging leisurely toward their evening's goal, their unbuilt hostelry on the plain.

Presently the hydra became a two headed monster. The foremost wagon bent to the right, the second led off to the left. Each successor, as it came to the point of divergence, filed to the right or left alternately. The split creature expanded itself. The two wings moved on over a broad grassy level north of the fort, describing in regular curve a great ellipse, a third of a mile long, half as much across.

On either flank the march was timed and ordered with the precision of practice. This same maneuver had been repeated every day of the long journey. Precisely as the foremost teams met at the upper end of the curve, the two hindmost were parting at the lower. The ellipse was complete. It locked itself top and bottom. The train came to a halt. Every wagon of the two hundred stopped close upon the heels of its file leader.

A tall man, half pioneer, half deacon, in dress and mien, galloped up and down the ring. This was Sizzum, so the by-standers informed us. At a signal from him the oxen, two and three yoke to a wagon, were unyoked, herded and driven off to wash the dust from their protestant nostrils and graze over the russet prairie. They huddled along, a great army, a thousand strong. Their brown flanks grew ruddy with the low sunshine. A cloud of golden dust rose and hung over them. The air was loud with their lowing. Relieved from their drags the herd frisked away with unwieldy gamboling. We turned to the camp, that improvised city in the wilderness.

Nothing could be more systematic than its arrangement. Order is welcome in the world. Order is only second to beauty. It is, indeed, the skeleton of beauty. Beauty seeks order, and becomes its raiment. Every great white hooded, picturesque wagon of the Mormon caravan was in its place. The tongue of each rested on the axle of its forerunner, or was arranged upon the grass beneath. The ellipse became a fort and a corral. Within, the cattle could be safely herded. Marauding redskins would gallop about in vain. Nothing stampedable there. Scalping redskins, too, would be baffled. They could not make a dash through the camp, whisk off a scalp and vanish untouched. March and encampment both had been marshaled with masterly skill.

"Sizzum," Brent vowed to me, sotto voce, "may be a blind guide with ditch-ward tendences in faith. He certainly knows how to handle his heretics in the field. I have seen old tacticians, Marechales and Feldzeugmeisters, in Europe, with El Dorado on each shoulder, and Golconda on the left breast, who would have tied up that train into knots that none of them would be Alexander enough to cut."

CHAPTER VII.

SIZZUM AND HIS HERETICS.



They were nosing about, prying into the wagon.

No sooner had this nomad town settled itself quietly for the night than a town meeting collected in the open of the amphitheater.

"Now, brethren," says Shamberlain to us, "ef you want to hear exhortin as runs without stoppin, step up and listen to the Apossle of the Gentiles. Perhaps," and here Jake winked perceptibly, "you'll be teched, and want to jine, and perhaps you won't. Ef you're docyle you'll be teched; ef you're bulls of Bashan you won't be teched."

"How did you happen to be converted yourself, Jake?" Brent asked. "You've never told me."

"Why, you see I was naturally of a religious nater, and I've tried 'em all, but I never fell foul of a religion that had real proved miracles till I seed a man, born dumb, what was cured by the Prophet Joseph looking down his throat and tellin his palate to speak up; and it did speak up, did that there palate, and went on talkin most oncommon. It's onbeknown tongues it talks, suthin like gibberidge, but Joseph said that was how the tongues sounded in the apossles' time to them as hadn't got the interruption of tongues. I struck my flag to that there miracle. I'd seen 'em gettin up the sham kind, when I was to the Italian convent, and I knowed the fourth proof article. I may talk rough about this business, but Brother Brent knows I'm honest about it."

Jake led us forward and stationed us in posts of honor before the crowd of auditors.

Presently Sizzum appeared. He had taken time to tone down the pioneer and develop the deacon in his style, and a very sleek personage he had made of himself. He was clean shaved: clean shaving is a favorite concomitant of the deacon class. His long black hair, growing rank from a muddy skin, was sleekly put behind his ears. A large white blossom of cravat expanded under his nude, beefy chin, and he wore a black dress coat, creased with its recent packing. Except that his pantaloons were thrust into his boots he was in correct go-to-meetin costume—a Chadband of the plains.

He took his stand and began to fulmine over the assemblage. His manner was coarse and overbearing, with intervals of oily persuasiveness. He was a big, powerful man, without one atom of delicacy in him—a fellow who never could take a flower or a gentle heart into his hand without crushing it by a brutal instinct. A creature with such an amorphous beak of a nose, with such a heavy lipped mouth and such wilderness of jaw, could never perceive the fine savor of any delicate thing. Coarse joys were the only joys for such a body; coarse emotions, the pleasures of force and domination the only emotions crude enough for such a soul.

His voice was as repulsive as his mien and manner. That badly modeled nose had an important office in his oratory. Through it he hailed his auditors to open their hearts, as a canal boatman hails the locks with a canal horn of bassoon caliber. But sometimes, when he wished to be seductive, his sentences took the channel of his mouth and his great lips rolled the words over like fat morsels. Pah! how the recollection of the fellow disgusts me! And yet he had an unwholesome fascination which compelled us to listen. I could easily understand how he might overbear feeble minds, and wheedle those that loved flattery. He had some education. Travel had polished his base metal so that it shone well enough to deceive the vulgar or the credulous. He did not often allow himself the broad coarseness of his brother preachers in the church. * * *

Bodily food had been prepared by the women while the men listened to Sizzum's grace before meat. A fragrance of baking bread had pervaded the air. A thousand slices of fat pork sizzled in two hundred frying pans, and water boiled for two hundred coffee or tea pots. Saints cannot solely live on sermons.

Brent and I walked about to survey the camp. We stopped wherever we found the emigrants sociable, and chatted with them. They were all eager to know how much length of journey remained.

"We're comin to believe, some of us," said an old crone, with a wrinkle for every grumble of her life, "that we're to be forty year in the wilderness, like the old Izzerulites. I wouldn't have come, Samwell, if I'd known what you was bringin me to."

"There's a many of us wouldn't have come, mother," rejoined Samwell a cowed man of anxious look, "if we'd known as much as we do now."

Samwell glanced sadly at his dirty, travel worn children, at work at mud pies and dust volcanoes. His dowdy wife broke off the colloquy by announcing, in a tone that she must have learned from a rattlesnake, that the loaf was baked, the bacon was fried and supper shouldn't wait for anybody's talking.

All the emigrants were English. Lancashire their accent and dialect announced, and Lancashire they told us was their home in the old stepmother country.

Stepmother, indeed, to these her children! No wonder that they found life at home intolerable! They were the poorest crass of townspeople from the great manufacturing towns—penny tradesmen, indoor craftsmen, factory operatives—a puny, withered set of beings; hardly men, if man means strength; hardly women, if woman means beauty. Their faces told of long years passed in the foul air of close shops, or workrooms, or steamy, oily, flocculent mills. All work and no play had been their history.

"We have not seen," said Brent, "one hearty John Bull or buxom Betsy Bull in the whole caravan."

"They look as if husks and slops had been their meat and drink, instead of beef and beer."

"Beef and beer belong to fellows that have red in their cheeks and guffaws in their throats, not to these lean, pale, dreary wretches."

"The saints' robes seem as sorry as their persons," said I. "No watchman on the hilltops of their Zion will hail, 'Who are these in bright array?' when they heave in sight!"

"They have a right to be way worn after their summer of plodding over these dusty wastes."

"Here comes a group in gayer trim. See!—actually flounces and parasols!"

Several young women of the blowsalind order, dressed in very incongruous toggery of stained and faded silks, passed us. They seemed to be on a round of evening visits, and sheltered their tanned faces against the October sunshine with ancient fringed parasols. Their costume had a queer effect in the camp of a Mormon caravan at Fort Bridger. They were in good spirits, and went into little panics when they saw Brent in his Indian rig, and then into "Lor me!" and "Bless us!" when the supposed Pawnee was discovered to be a handsome pale-face.

"Perhaps we waste sympathy," said Brent, "on these people. Why are not they better off here, and likely to be more comfortable in Utah than in the slums of Manchester?"

"Drudgery for drudgery, slavery for slavery, barren as the Salt Lake country is, and rough the lot of pioneers, I have no doubt they will be. But then the religion!"

"I do not defend that; but what has England done for them to make them regret it? Of what use to these poor proletaires have the cathedrals been, or the sweet country churches, or the quiet cloisters of Oxford and Cambridge?"

We had by this time approached the upper end of the ellipse. Sizzum, as quartermaster, had done his duty well. The great blue land arks, each roofed with its hood of white canvas stretched on hoops, were in stout, serviceable order—wheels, axles and bodies.

Near the head of the train stood a small, neat wagon. We might have merely glanced at it and passed by, as we had done elsewhere along the line; but as we approached our attention was caught by Murker and Larrap. They were nosing about, prying into the wagon from a little distance. When they caught sight of us they turned and skulked away.

"What are those vermin about?" said Brent.

"Selecting, perhaps, a Mormoness to kidnap tonight or planning a burglary."

"I hate to loathe any one as I loathe those fellows. I have known brutes enough in my life to have become hardened or indifferent by this time, but these freshen my disgust every time I see them."

"I thought we had come to a crisis with them this afternoon, when you collared Larrap."

"You remember my presentment about them the night they joined us. I am afraid they will yet serve us a shabby trick. Their 'dixonary,' as Shamberlain called it, of rascality is an unabridged edition."

"Such carrion creatures should not be allowed about such a pretty cage."

"It is, indeed, a pretty cage. Some neater handed Phyllis than we have seen has had the arranging of the household gear within."

"Yes; the mistress of this rolling mansion has not lost her domestic ambition. This is quite the model wagon of the train. Refinement does not disdain Sizzum's pilgrims; as ecce signum here!"

"The pretty cage has its bird—pretty, too, perhaps. See! there is some one behind that shawl screen at the back of the wagon."

"The bird has divined Murker and Larrap, and is hiding, probably."

"Come; we have stared long enough; let us walk on."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SWEET BY AND BY.

In the happy time a-coming there'll be nothing to provoke,
But everybody then shall wear a light and easy yoke;
The scores of quite distressing things that pain us every day
Will in that blissful afterwhile be banished far away.
There'll be no broken cables then our wishes to defeat,
And when we pay our nickel we shall always get a seat;
Nor shall we have to wave both arms to catch the carman's eye,
He'll stop for us unsignaled in the sweet by and by.

The fellow with the cigarette, oh, he will not be there,
But in the other place, you know. Will anybody care?
For since he's fond of smoking 'twill be better far that he
Shall go where he may smoke and smoke through all eternity.
The man who on the crowded street keeps turning to the left
It pleases us to say of his sweet face we'll be bereft;
And women who with parasols are jabbing at our eye,
They never can come near us in the sweet by and by.

And she who wears a mammoth hat while at the theater,
Oh, then is when with ghoulish glee we'll have the laugh on her;
For while the one she tortured will the pearly gates pass through,
St. Peter, with an awful frown, will say to her, "Go to."
The horse who tell us stories we have heard a hundred times
And long haired, crazy poets with their soft, insipid rhymes—
And likewise all the fishermen who lie and lie and lie—
They'll never more disturb us in the sweet by and by.

The broken elevator and the bridge forever turned,
These nuisances will nowhere in that city be discerned,
But this will please us more than all the jasper, gold and pearl—
We'll no more have to battle with the awful servant girl.
The ice man and the coal man—it will fill our hearts with mirth
To know that while they may connive to own the entire earth
Cannot possess, when later on their time shall come to die,
The merest, tiny portion of the sweet by and by.

The man who says, "I told you so," and fortunately, too,
The summer chump who asks us, "Is it hot enough for you?"
Will both be barred; and better yet, they'll shut out every one
Who whistles "Comrades," "Annie Rooney," "Johnny, Get Your Gun!"
And it is pleasant just to think no woman there shall come
Who while on earth in public ever toyed with chewing gum.
Oh, the place will be delightful, and it's worth our while to try
To get a lead pipe cinch upon the sweet by and by.

—Chicago Tribune.

An Appropriate Epitaph.

Student—You say that when he died Jonson's work was not thought to be well done.

Professor—There were some critics who said so.

Student—Probably that is why they wrote above his grave, "Rare Ben Jonson."—Boston Post.

Wanted to Look Well.

Husband—What on earth did you get that new gown for?

Wife—I expect a new servant girl today, and of course, my dear, I must receive her properly.—Cloak Review.

The Best Way.

"And now," continued the photographer to his student, "please look pleasant."

"To achieve that desirable end suppose you lend me five dollars." — Fliegende Blatter.

Proof Positive.

"Papa," said a talkative little girl, "am I made of dust?"

"No, my child. If you were you would dry up once in awhile."—San Francisco Wasp.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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MARION WEEKLY STAR.

Price, $1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

BY W. G. HARDING.

SATURDAY. - - FEBRUARY 6

WATTERSON is the man to settle the Democratic differences. The New York Herald has put a Presidential bee in his ear. Mr. Watterson is a very able man.

THE Campbells in Ohio are not in the Hill procession. That means that the Campbells are for Mr. Cleveland or for Mr. Campbell. But when the election returns are called to mind the Campbells in Ohio are not so strong as they were.

THE very latest redistricting scheme puts Marion into the ninth district with Logan, Hardin, Hancock, Union and Delaware. It is conceived as an anti-Foraker bill, with the intention of making way for several congressional booms. Such a district would give us Bob Kennedy as an aspirant for honor, but the General would strike tough sledding. We shall see.

THE doctors disagree on the method of treating grip as they do in many other things, but they are unanimous in their belief in adhering to the code of ethics that prevents paid advertising. If the doctors have their way they will put the state legislators out of their heads and stop the traveling specialists and the patent medicine man. But the masses are opposed to such class legislation.

THE fact that members of the Masonic fraternity have raised $20,000 at Mansfield toward building a $30,000 Masonic temple, suggests that Marion's Masonic bodies might build a temple that should contain ample society quarters and an opera house. Of course the Masons are comfortably quartered here now, but the several Masonic orders are rich and the membership full of pride. It would be a popular undertaking.

THE new institutes for the cure of the tobacco and alcohol habits have a new competitor in the Ohio legislature Mr. Dicks, of Cincinnati, who struck some kind of a jag himself during the senatorial contest, has introduced a bill making it a criminal offense to get drunk, punishable lightly the first time and more severely on each succeeding occasion. Some such treatment of habitual drunkards would doubtless bring them to a halt.

THE death of Rev. Chas. Spurgeon removes one of the ablest ministers of the gospel that the world has known. Though an English pastor who has never spoken in America, his sermons in printed form have been widely read and productive of much good in this country. Rev. Spurgeon was of the Baptist denomination. Though dying under 60, the work of his life had already reached proportions that few men can hope to equal. He was truly great.

THAT very able editor, Mr. Halstead, evidently keeps posted up on astronomy as well as politics. From his New York letter we clip the following: "Jupiter and Venus, now shining with splendor in the western sky, will continue to approach each other in appearance, until Friday evening they will look like a double star. On the other side of the world, on Saturday morning, they will be in conjuncture. Any evening this week, if clouds do not put the display in eclipse, the crescent of the moon and the two glorious stars will form a group of extraordinary beauty."

IT won't be long until the Democratic fear of an open fight on the tariff law will be fully understood. Recently the United States has begun to receive Egyptian cotton, an invoice amounting to nearly 5000 bales. The Charleston News and Courier says that it is time for "a campaign of education" on this subject, so that the cotton growers may have similar benefit to that derived from the tariff by producers of tobacco and other staples. With the southern cotton planters demanding a protective tariff on raw cotton, the free trade contingent in this country will be reduced to the size of a corporal's guard.

ESTIMATING five persons to each family, census bureau calculations demonstrate that the federal debt of the United States amounts to $78.45 per family. On a similar basis of calculation the debt of Great Britain is $437.60 per family; of Austro-Hungary $251.20, and of France $581.75. Germany has no statistics from which to figure out accurately her debt per family, but the indebtedness is estimated at $400. Commenting on this the New York Press says it is one of the notable features of the financial stability of this nation that the national debt per family is so low, and it is the subject of comment that while the ratio of national debt to families has decreased steadily, the national wealth has been growing faster than any nation on the globe, and our capital and resources have improved more rapidly than those of any other nation.

EVEN the New York Herald is out against Mr. Cleveland, not in the spirit of hostility, but the Herald concludes the ex-president is not in it as a presidential possibility.

IF there is territory clipped from the corporate limits we ought to have some of the electric light expense clipped also, or else have the lights by which some of our rural friends feed their stock brought into the settled portions of the city where they can be of some use.

CONGRESSMAN Hare sprung his bill for $100,000 improvement of the Scioto in Congress Monday. It is suspected that Mr. Holman, of Indiana, turned up his nose and shivered. That will likely be the last heard of the bill. It would surprise even Mr. Hare himself to see it passed.

IN his official capacity Councilman Isleib has declared that the people do not read the newspapers. Perhaps not, but we have a different opinion. We are not sure but we have had evidence that the Third ward councilman believed they were read. If the matter remains uncertain the STAR will offer a little proof when the time for the spring election arrives.

VERY DULL INDEED

WAS THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE CITY LEGISLATURE.

More People Want to Get Out of the Corporation—Preliminary Sewer Legislation. Four Hours of Uneventful Talk and Bad Grammar.

Blum, Molloy, Lust, Isleib, Sautter and Porch showed up at the regular monthly session of the city council Monday evening. The unpoetic and formal reading of the minutes of previous meetings followed.

John McNally was present to offer the petition of Matthew Dwyer, Mrs. Matthew Dwyer, and others desiring that their land, consisting of about 100 acres and lying south of the fair grounds and just east of the old corporation line, be detached from the corporation. On motion the street and alley committee was instructed to investigate the grounds and report upon the matter.

The question of sidewalk grades was brought up semi-intentionally, and the result showed things very much mixed.

The bill of railway watchmen for the extra hour ordered put in some time ago was ordered paid, and a motion prevailed that the time of watchmen be cut down to the old time of ten hours per day.

It was moved and seconded that the street and alley committee be instructed to proceed to macadamize with crushed stone Gurley avenue from East street to Vine in accordance with a resolution passed some time since. The motion carried.

Mr. Hurley, of the firm of sewer contractors, was present to ask that council extend their time for the completion of the sewer from Jan. 15 to about the first of May, and he stated that he believed the work could be completed by that time. The council exhibited a disposition to grant the request, but no action could be taken until the consent of Hurley & Turner's bondsmen could be secured.

The ordinance regulating the use of sewers by private individuals, which was introduced and read the first time at the last meeting, was given two more readings. After some little discussion it was adopted.

Sanitary rules for the regulation of water closets, etc., in connection with the sewer were read and adopted.

The sewer committee reported that all work in connection with the finishing of the outfall sewer had been done. The report was accepted and on motion the balance due Irvin & Mayer was instructed to be paid.

The committee on accounts waded through the monthly bills. A physician's bill for fixing up a prisoner's broken ribs was laid out, and after a mild, formal kick it was paid.

The solicitor, mayor and clerk reported upon the investigation of the causes leading to Mrs. J. H. Snider's injuries. The committee was given further instructions by motion to meet Mr. Snider for the purpose if possible of effecting a compromise.

The report of the treasurer was read, showing the following condition of the treasury: Balance on hand Jan 1, $1801.07, received during month, $5040.-01, bill paid, $5296.62, balance on hand Feb. 1, $1545.46.

An ordinance providing for the location of an additional fire hydrant near the Erie railroad company's property was read and adopted.

Then followed a series of discussions of police matters in which there were no new developments. The only apparent excuse for bringing this matter up was to furnish a little levity. There was no seriousness in regard to the matter and it all showed the utter uselessness of the police commission that was appointed when council was fresh and full of hope.

It was nearly 12 o'clock when it occurred to some one that the city would be safe until another meeting, and an adjournment was made to the 10th inst.

Institute Notice.

There will be a called meeting of the Marion County Farmer's Institute held Saturday, Feb 13, 2 30 p. m., to settle all business accounts of last year and prepare work for the coming year. All members and officers are requested to be present. By order of executive committee. GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, Sec.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

A Large Class Before the Board Saturday. The Questions.

Arithmetic.

When multiplying a whole number by a fraction why do you multiply by the numerator and divide by the denominator? When dividing one fraction by another fraction why do you invert the terms of the divisor and then proceed as in the multiplication of fractions?

What is the area of a trapezoid whose bases are 9 feet and 21 feet, and altitude 16 feet?

What is the cube root of 730,584?

Find the discount on a debt of $5934.15 due 3 years, 5 months and 20 days without grace, at 7 per cent.

If the use of $3750 for 8 months is worth $68.75, what sum is that whose use for 2 years and four months is worth $250?

Two yds. 2 ft. 3 in. is how many per cent. of 1 rd?

Twelve per cent. of $75 is what per cent. of $108?

A has $184. If four-fifths of A's money is equal to five-fourths of B's how much money has B?

There is 154 bu of wheat in two bins, in one is 12 bushels less than half as much as in the other, how many bushels in each bin?

What is the least common multiple of 873, 641, 112 and 200.

Grammar.

Conjugate the verb write, potential mode, present, perfect tense.

Define Impersonal and defective verbs. Give an example of each.

What is parsing? What is Analysis? Which would you teach first to beginners?

Parse words emphasized. To SPEAK and write with propriety, in every species of composition, is an ATTAINMENT of no *small importance*; and to LEAD to this attainment is the business of grammar.

Analyze: He declared it to be his opinion that the man only claimed what was his own.

What is case? When you find an infinitive or participle used as the subject or object of a verb do you give it case? Why?

How many uses has the pronoun? How do you distinguish between a *relative and personal pronoun?*

How would you conduct a recitation in grammar?

What special preparation, if any, have you made for teaching?

What do you think of teachers' institutes?

Orthography.

Define the following words. Rite, right, write, wright, sieze, seas, principle, principal, raze, raise, rays.

Geography.

Locate and name the principal mountain system in each of the continents.

What is meant by climate?

Why are high mountains snow capped in the tropics?

Locate and describe the steppe regions.

Where is the greatest depression below sea level? What does the depression amount to? Name and locate the culminating point of the earth.

Name the lands through which the equator passes.

What is a natural division of land? A political division? Give an example of each.

Tell what and where the following are. Terra del Fuego, Aral, Biscay, Aleutian.

What are vases?

Name some some benifits arising from the study of Geography.

History.

Why should we teach U. S. History?

Name the colonies at the time of the Revolution.

Why did the Pilgrims leave their native country to settle in America?

Give the location of the principal English and French settlements.

Give a brief sketch of Columbus.

What is the veto power? What is the object of this power?

How is the Congress constituted?

What is meant by the secession movement?

Have you read the biography of an American statesmen? Name one of his public acts of importance.

What is known as the "Monroe Doctrine"?

Physiology and Hygiene.

Locate and describe the Hyoid bone and the Sphenoid bone.

Locate and describe the Tarsal bones.

Name and describe the different kinds of muscles.

Locate and describe the pons varolii. Describe the Cranial nerves.

Of how many layers is the skin composed? Describe each layer.

Does alcohol impart heat? Give reason for your answer.

February Weather.

Hicks gives the following predictions for the first half of the month of February: "The first February storm period will center about the third. By this date warmer weather, low barometer, and well defined storm movements will be advancing from western regions. By the 4th, heavy storms of rain and snow will have visited in their eastward progress most of the country. The chances for dangerous blizzards are many to the northward about the 3rd, 4th and 5th. About the same date the first battle between boreas and warm equatorial currents will take place around the southern flanks of storm movements. Sharp thunder storms with rain turning to hail and sleet will be the natural results. Cold days will follow until about the 9th and 10th, when the temperature will rise and secondary storms will again pass from west to east.

A Fatal Thrust.

Though Cæsar was a wild young man
And many frolics led,
He stood well in society
Till Brutus cut him dead.
—Exchange.

THE STREET RAILWAY

Dan Babst in the City Looking After Its Preliminaries.

Dan Babst, Jr., of Crestline, accompanied by an electrical engineer and another gentleman, whose names were not learned, were in the city Saturday Mr. Babst was here on street railway business, to see whether arrangements could be made with local manufactories for power or if it will become necessary to establish an independent power house. A civil engineer will also be sent here in a week or two by Mr. Babst to take the measurements of the proposed lines for the purpose of determining the quantity of rails, etc., required to build. Mr. Babst is watching the progress of the sewer at present being built, and stated that he will be ready to follow its completion with work on the proposed line. It is evident from this that Mr. Babst means business, and it is probably not too much to expect work begun on the railway during the coming summer season.

PEERLESS ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

I mean just what I say, and will do as I agree to with teachers, students, farmers, mechanics, in fact with people in all kinds of business, who ought to have a copy of the Peerless Atlas of the World, a handsome work bound in leatherette binding and chuck full of good information. I will for the next thirty days sell cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere. Write postal today for terms. Never before has such a valuable atlas *been offered* on such liberal terms.

Address, G. G. CURTIS,
Caledonia, Ohio.
Reference Caledonia Deposit Bank.
Agents wanted.

What is Thought of It.

CALEDONIA, O., December 2, 1891.

After a somewhat careful examination of the Peerless Atlas of the World, I find, first: That it is the latest in statistics. Second: Its maps exceling mechanical construction. Third: It is cheap. These points all tend to make it a valuable book of reference for families and schools. Some handy book of reference like this should be in every home. It frequently saves more than it costs. Respectfully,

W. V. SMITH,
Superintendent of Caledonia schools.

MARION, O., February 1, 1892.

I have carefully examined the Peerless Atlas of the World and find it accurate and complete.

35w1wk B. G. YOUNG.

Oppenheimer's Prize Pumpkin.

That interesting pumpkin in Sam Oppenheimer's show window was cut open this afternoon and the seeds, on which over *2000 persons had guessed*, were counted. Sheriff Rice handled the big knife and was assisted in the counting by Messrs. Thatcher and Harding.

The pumpkin was found to contain 271 seeds. *Of the guessers four had hit* the exact number, and three of these were awarded prizes in the order guessed. Mrs. Henry, of this city, was the first to guess the exact number and was awarded $25. Mrs. Cleveland, a sister of Mrs. D. B. Morrill, was second to guess the same number and secures $10, while John Hogan, superintendent of the Infirmary, was the third to register an exact guess, and secures $5. Guess No. 2071 by J. F. White hit the exact number, but three guessing ahead of him shut him out of a prize. The large number of guesses made the count one of considerable interest.

The Fairies' Carnival.

The ladies of the Episcopal church have just made arrangements with J. Edgar Owens, of New York, for an elaborate production of his delightful juvenile operetta, 'The Fairies' Carnival.' One hundred of Marion's brightest boys and girls will be in the cast and the entertainment will be one of the very best of the kind ever given here. Mr. Owens has successfully produced his fairy opera in some of the largest cities in this country, and brings with him all the beautiful costumes, scenery, etc., that has characterized its production elsewhere. The operetta will be given at Music Hall, Feb. 29 and March 1, the last two nights before lent. There is no question as to the success of the undertaking and the ladies are to be congratulated upon their enterprise.

A Tramp at 97.

Application was made in court at Columbus for a guardian for old John Swim, known all over the state as "the wealthy tramp." He is 97 years old and has led the life of a tramp from boyhood up, except during two years of married life. Though worth more than $300,000 he is too miserly to clothe himself, and has frequently been found in his outdoor life almost frozen to death. His son-in-law, Thomas Morton, of Canal Winchester, makes the application. Swim will contest it. Some years ago the commissioners of Fairfield county discovered, after he had been an inmate of the poor house a year, that they were supporting the richest man in the county at public expense and they turned him out. Swim's long gray hair is matted and his whole person is dirty and disgusting.

No Good Reason.

Pretty Cousin—Your friend, Dr. Lancet, passed me down town today without even a bow.

He—Oh, well, you know he's awfully absentminded. He's so completely devoted to his surgical practice.

Pretty Cousin—But that's no reason why he should cut me.—New York Herald.

Filling a Long Felt Want.

Lady of the House (consulting card in her hand)—You a singing master! But we don't want a singing master!

Herr Pumpernickel—Bardon, de lady next door toldt me you vanted you badly she sent me!—Tid-Bits.

THE FATE OF SPIES.

THOSE CAUGHT IN TIMES OF PEACE ARE LOCKED UP.

Their Offenses Consist of Attempts to Secure Plans of Fortresses and Patterns of New Guns—Despicable Traitors Who Had a Price.

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THE recent conviction at St. Etienne, France, of John Cooper and Walter Rundel, two English spies, who were caught while trying to obtain samples of the new French and Russian carbines for British government contractors and condemned to fifteen and two months' imprisonment, respectively, is of international interest. To a freeborn American the word "spy" has an especially odious meaning. It is an undeniable fact that what little espionage is done in the United States is exclusively done by foreigners. Abroad matters are different, and though a spy is considered a debased creature, espionage itself is in full blast and well organized in Russia, Germany, France and Great Britain. All European governments, more or less, have so called secret funds available to keep a well organized spy service going. It is generally divided into three distinct branches—namely, political, social and military espionage. I shall deal with the latter alone.

The armed peace which European nations maintain and the constant fear among them of being attacked by a neighboring power at any moment naturally make it desirable for one nation to know what the other is doing in the way of offensive and defensive preparations. Secret information of this kind cannot, for obvious reasons, be obtained through the official channels of military or naval attaches, who, on account of their position in a foreign country, have to be satisfied with what they can observe for themselves or are shown voluntarily. It is therefore evident that if a government desires to obtain possession of so called state secrets, such as plans of fortifications, war vessels, mines, fixed torpedoes, samples of powder, cartridges and arms, it has to employ secret agents or spies for this purpose.

Germany has been credited with having the most efficient spy service in France, where it dates back to 1864. The war of 1870-1 proved that the German maps of France were more accurate than those used by the French general staff, and small swamps, brooks, roads and vantage points for an army were found on the German maps and did not appear on the French. Furthermore, the equipment of the French troops and fortresses was thoroughly known to the German leaders. Within her own borders Germany defends herself efficiently against foreign espionage; and how carefully she watches every foreigner is shown by the numerous arrests which have been made there within the last five years. Unfortunately for the over zealous officials, most of the poor victims proved to be harmless landscape painters, who, on account of their sketches, often experienced great difficulty in convincing the German authorities of their identity.

All the service powder, cartridges and rifle factories in Germany, Russia, France and some other European countries are government property, and it is impossible for outsiders to obtain access to them. Walking on a glacis of a European fortress is also prohibited, and if an intruder out of curiosity once in awhile happens to put his foot inside even the smallest fort, he is stopped by sentinels and is lucky if he is not locked up. These measures are carried out vigorously, and even an active officer of the German army, if he wishes to visit one of these government factories, has to apply for a special permisson to do so. *The revealing of the secrets of any of these* institutions is high treason, and consequently only very trustworthy men are employed. Moreover, that the employees may never forget the penalty inflicted for a breach of trust, extracts from the penal code printed in black letters are profusely placarded on the walls inside the buildings.

Apart from this the men are divided into classes, each class manufacturing year after year the same part of a rifle or a cartridge. In this way no government mechanic or subaltern can obtain exact knowledge of the manufacture of a whole rifle or cartridge. So it comes to pass that the spy has hard work to obtain what he wants. It goes without saying that among such a large body of men as governments employ a black sheep can always be found.



ARRESTED AT NANCY.

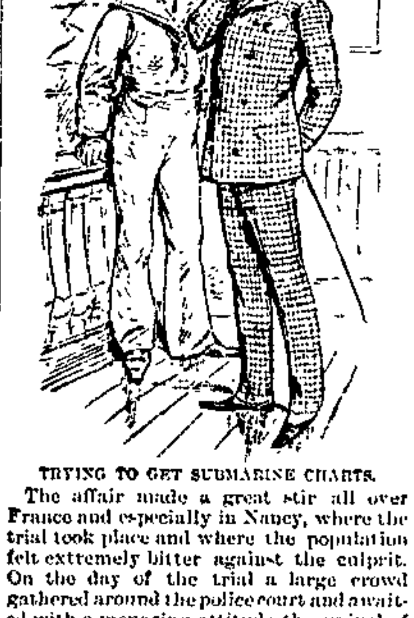
Only a few years ago all the secret plans of the fortress of Strasburg were sold by a Swedish ex-captain living in Germany to the French government for the paltry sum of $250.

The captain was found out shortly afterward while endeavoring to obtain the plans of another fortress, for which correspondence found upon him showed he had been offered the huge sum of 850 francs. He was sentenced to fifteen years' hard labor, but the French government had the plans all the same, and the Germans puzzled their brains for a considerable time afterward in speculation as to whether their great rival had not been furnished with all the plans of German fortifications by this same artist. Nothing, however, was discovered, not even the individual who had acted as middleman between the captain and the French government, and who certainly, judging by the prices paid to the Swede, had taken the financial cake in these transactions.

After this occurrence the German government became so alarmed that the now existing passport regulations were instituted between the two countries. French active or ex-officers are under no condition allowed to enter Alsace-Lorraine except in cases where they have obtained a special permission to do so. *I myself was once obliged to* visit a small county in Lorraine on account of some family affairs, and I obtained permission only under great difficulties and after an elaborate official correspondence extending over six weeks.

With regard to France, matters are just as bad as they are *in Germany, and* perhaps in some instances worse. The German population as a rule leaves the spy catching trade to their stubborn officials, while in France, where patriotism is more fervent, every citizen of the third republic thinks it his sacred duty to look with a suspicious eye on *every foreigner* who enters the country. Innumerable mistakes are the result, and innocent travelers are often placed in extremely annoying positions. Yet it must be admitted that German spies are not only plentiful in France, but they work very systematically.

The "affaire" Bonnet was one of the most scandalous. This depraved creature had once been a French infantry officer, but on account of his numerous debts he had been dismissed from the service. As debts do not exactly dishonor a man, it was possible for him to keep up his connections with his former comrades and even to make new friends. Though everybody knew that Bonnet was penniless, he lived in good style and seemed always to be possessed of comparatively ample means. One day he traveled to Belfort, where he made special inquiries with regard to the new forts. He obtained a good deal of information, but one of the officers became suspicious, and communicating his impressions to his superior the ex-lieutenant's movements were shadowed from that day. He was arrested at Nancy, where he had gone to confer with a German agent. The scoundrel made a clean breast and admitted that for several months he had furnished plans and information of various fortified French places along the German frontier to German spies, and that for such services he had been paid.



TRYING TO GET SUBMARINE CHARTS.

The affair made a great stir all over France and especially in Nancy, where the trial took place and where the population felt extremely bitter against the culprit. On the day of the trial a large crowd gathered around the police court and awaited with a menacing attitude the arrival of the prisoner. The authorities, anticipating serious troubles, had placed a strong guard outside the court house, and when the renegade appeared looking pale and weak he was denounced loudly by the throng, which pressed eagerly forward to obtain a glimpse of him and to spit into his face if possible. The court house was then cleared and the traitor tried behind closed doors, only a colonel and a staff officer being allowed to remain. Bonnet was condemned to five years' hard labor and fined $2,000. He was also deprived of his civil rights for ten years.

Still fresh in memory is the Ribault tragedy, which occurred in Marseilles a year or so ago. Ribault was a noncommissioned officer of marines and had been in the Tonquin, where he distinguished himself. After his return from the Tonquin he began to neglect his duty. He lived high on the little money he had saved during the campaign. At Marseilles he made the acquaintance of a German woman of bad character, who became his mistress. This woman was, as the trial revealed later on, the runaway wife of a German sergeant. When Ribault's money was squandered his mistress told him one day that she knew how to obtain plenty of money if he would only do as she told him. She then confided to him that she had a brother in the German army who was a noncommissioned officer and who would pay a goodly sum for a new French repeating infantry rifle.

The unprincipled rascal went to the barracks and stole the rifle of a private, but finding himself detected he went home and blew out his brains. The rooms which Ribault and his mistress occupied were at once searched, and numerous letters were found revealing that a thorough system of espionage had been carried out by the German noncommissioned officer through his sister and with the cognizance and under the direction of the German government. The woman was condemned to two years' imprisonment.

In the United States the foreign spy, as a rule, is a rara avis. The only nation which ever has attempted to establish a system of military espionage in America is the English. In September, 1888, a military looking Englishman arrived at Washington. He carefully studied the Washington navy yard, then went to Newport, Annapolis, New London and Fortress Monroe, but he learned little or nothing of value. At Willet's Point he attempted to obtain the charts of submarine mines and fixed torpedoes, but was unsuccessful, documents of this kind being pretty well guarded. Plans of vessels and torpedoes, however, are hardly kept secret, and any one applying to the patent office can easily obtain a very detailed description of any new weapon manufactured in America for army or navy purposes.

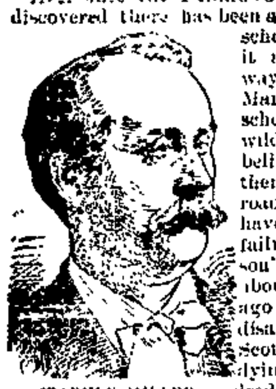
It may be stated here that all the details of the new plans for American coast and harbor defense are in the hands of a few superior officers. No subaltern official has access to them and no contractor receives copies of them, so that the secret is thoroughly guarded. The plans, for instance, of the new fortifications at Sandy Hook, Boston harbor, San Francisco and many other places are, I am positive, not known to more than perhaps four individuals out of over sixty millions. However, the more the armament of the United States becomes efficient, the more the curiosity of foreign powers will be attracted, and it is therefore reasonable to expect that in ten years from now the spy fever will also have invaded these shores.

LIEUT. F. DE T. CLOTH.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

Ten Thousand Men Will Soon Be at Work on Its Line.

Ever since the Isthmus of Panama was discovered there has been a succession of schemes to make it a great highway of commerce. Many of these schemes have been wild beyond easy belief, and all of them—the railroad excepted—have been dismal failures. Paterson's expedition about 200 years ago resulted most disastrously, the Scotch colonists dying by hundreds, and the recent French investments have proved a total loss. It is estimated that $400,000,000 in money and 10,000 lives have been sacrificed in these attempts, and the statement is broadly made that every tie on the railway cost a human life.



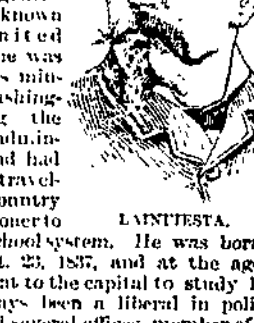
WARNER MILLER.

The Nicaragua route is far more favorable. The distance from ocean to ocean is 169 miles, of which, according to the plans of the Nicaragua Canal Construction company, 27 miles is to be covered by the canal and 142 miles by the lake and river, the latter to be reduced to a series of basins by dams and locks. Lake Nicaragua is but 110 feet above sea level, and so that route is the lowest between Alaska and Patagonia. The company has expended nearly $5,000,000, one of their recent acts being the purchase of the entire plant of the Panama Dredging company, the largest plant of the kind in the world. It is estimated that the total cost of the canal will be $100,000,000—the same as that of the Suez canal—and the least depth will be thirty feet, *making it practicable for the largest ocean* vessels.

After long investigation and thorough surveys a treaty was negotiated by which the United States was to own the route forever and Nicaragua receive a royalty, but the United States senate failed to *ratify the treaty in time.* Then the present company was formed and its agent, Mr. Menocal, obtained from Nicaragua a concession of the route for ninety-nine years. Under the presidency of ex-Senator Warner Miller the preliminaries are in rapid progress and it is stated that 10,000 men will soon be at work on the canal.

Guatemala's New Ruler.

Guatemala has just had an election for a successor to President Barillas, and as usual a revolution is "reported and officially denied." The retiring president *telegraphs to all the world* that deputies (also presidential electors) have been chosen in perfect peace, and later dispatches announce that an overwhelming majority is for Senor Francisco *Lainfiesta*, the government candidate. This gentleman is well known in the United States, as he was Guatemala's minister to Washington during the Cleveland administration and had previously traveled in this country as commissioner to study the school system. He was born in Salania Sept. 23, 1837, and at the age of fourteen went to the capital to study law. He has always been a liberal in politics and has held several offices, member of the national assembly, minister of the interior, of war, etc. He is also an author of considerable ability and very popular with the masses.



LAINFIESTA.

Pronunciation of Latin.

Those who favor the present method of pronouncing Latin and Greek have recently made the assertion that the pronunciation of Latin today is the same as that which prevailed during the days of Queen Elizabeth. Professor Skeat, of Cambridge, takes exception to this statement, and avers that if this allegation be true it is remarkable, since the modern English "i," as in "mine," was not at that time invented. Professor Skeat also declares that the scholars of Queen Elizabeth's time would have been shocked to hear Latin and Greek pronounced as they are at the present day.

A Tiny Cobbler's Shop.

At 190 Elizabeth street, New York, in one of the dingiest tenements of the Italian quarter, where people are packed like sardines in a can, is the smallest workshop in America, if not in the world. Originally a narrow hallway admitted inmates of the house by that way, but the lessee decided that it was a wicked and un-Italian waste to have two halls and closed it. The outer half is now a cobbler's shop, 7 feet deep and 3 feet 3 inches from wall to wall.



SMALLEST IN THE LAND.

In this cubbyhole Luciano Belsano keeps all the implements and stock of his trade and does an active business as cobbler, and for it he pays four dollars a month. He is young, cheerful and active, and can work with three other persons in the shop, but they all have to change position at the same time. He has a wife and baby at his home in an adjacent section, and admits that they are saving money—so fast, he adds, that they hope in a few years to return to Naples, live at ease, and he can "lie all day in the sun if he likes." He does not speak English, and cares not to learn, as all his customers are Italians and he does not expect to stay in America.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LOCAL NEWS.

J. G. Leffler and daughters visited at Columbus Monday.

Miss Laura Wiest, of LaRue, was in the city over Sunday.

Grant Mouser was over at LaRue, with his parents Sunday.

Mrs. Grim is quite sick with lung trouble at her home on south Main street.

Mr. and Mrs Chas. Bell came over from Lima Sunday, on account of the serious illness of Mr. Bell's father.

Dr. Crane removed his office this week to the rooms formerly occupied by Chase & Hunter, in the McNeal & Wolford block.

Miss Ida Creek returned to her home in Upper Sandusky Monday, accompanied by Miss Etta Fies, who will make a visit with her there.

Miss Clara Olney, from the Delaware Institute, is on a short visit with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Olney, on south East street.

While working at the Huber works Saturday, Charles Romoser injured his back, and the accident was serious enough to lay him up

C. E. Martin "took the road," as drummers say it, again Monday, looking up his jewelry trade Mr Martin spent his holiday vacation here.

It is a little late but R J Diegle still wears a more fatherly smile on account of the arrival of a bright little soubrette at his home not long since.

Word from Caledonia announces the birth of a daughter at the home of John M. Garberson. John can now repeat the familiar lines, "we are seven."

Mike Gallagher, a section hand on C. and E section 48, suffered an injury to his right foot Saturday in the local yards, by getting the member caught in a turn table.

'Squire J L Bell is again lying very low with heart and lung trouble, suffering a relapse of his former serious sickness. His case is considered very critical by his physician.

A German brass band of twelve pieces has been organized in this city. The band has its headquarters on North street, and some excellent music may be expected from it shortly.

Will Hullgan, who has been with the Boston store a short time, left Saturday for Chicago, where he has secured a position. Mr. Hullgan during his brief stay in the city made many friends, who dislike to see him leave.

Rev. Chas. Schafer and Rev. A. Nicklas were in attendance at the annual conference of the joint synod of the German Lutheran church, at Upper Sandusky this week. The conference adjourned to meet in this city on the 10th of May.

Rev. Beale, pastor of the German M. E. church, has discontinued the protracted meetings that have been held at that church, and is at his parents' home near Bucyrus. His health has become somewhat indisposed and he goes home to recruit.

John Kirchoff and wife stopped off here a few hours Saturday on the way from their Toledo home to Chillicothe, Ohio, where they go to visit Mrs. Kirchoff's parents. John was formerly chief car inspector for the Erie and C. and E. here, but is now with the Lake Shore at Toledo.

Rev. W. L. Neal, pastor of the Christian church, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday. Rev. O. W. Kile, formerly of Oakdale, Ohio, has been called to the pastorate of the church, to succeed Rev. Neal, and will begin his work next Sunday. Rev. Kile comes with the reputation of being a very able minister. He has a family.

The dwelling house of Simon Brady, residing two and a half miles east of Caledonia, burned early Sunday night, catching fire from a defective flue, in the garret. A good portion of Mr Brady's household goods were destroyed, but the building was a total loss. The house was worth about $1200, upon which there was insurance of $850.

The LaRue News has changed hands Geo. Worden having disposed of the business to John Brookings, of Bradford, Pa. Mr. Worden has brought the News up to an excellent standard, and his retirement will be regretted by many It is understood, however, that Mr. Brookings is an all-round newspaper man, and can be depended upon to keep up the reputation the News has sustained during Mr. Worden's control

Findlay Republican. The men who bring jokes to a newspaper office to be printed for the ridicule of their friends and neighbors are not bringing as much joy to the editor's heart as they think. The joke may sound well enough when read in a small company of three or four friends, but to place it before ten thousand readers is a different thing entirely In nine cases out of ten even when the jokers insist that the victim will not care the editor has an ugly fuss to settle with the latter the next morning. We prefer to do without the jokes.

Every newspaper man, says an exchange, has at some time or other in his business experience, met the man who "now takes more papers than he can read." He was in town last week. He wiped his nose on the awning, tried to blow out the electric light at the hotel, failed to light his cigar on it, paid 25 cents for an almanac, put a nickel in the slot at the postoffice and kicked because the mail didn't appear; wanted to lick the cashier because he closed at 4 o'clock, and watched the clock sign in front of a jewelry, waiting for it to strike, and still he "takes more papers than he can read."

John Rayl visited Columbus Tuesday on business.

John Crawley was down at Columbus Tuesday on a pleasure trip.

W. H. Frater, ex-sheriff of Wyandot county, was in the city Monday on business.

Howard Jury and lady returned Monday from a visit at Bucyrus and Upper Sandusky.

James Luke, of the Steam Shovel works, left at noon Tuesday for Charleston, S. C, to help build a dredge.

Wm. Rounds, state agent of the Jackson, Mich., Wagon company, was in the city on business over Monday night.

The commissioners Monday decided to grant the detachment of real estate from the corporation, as asked for by petition.

Mrs. A. B. Ward returned to her home in Galion Monday afternoon, after a week's visit with her parents in this city.

Wm. Duane, of the Big Four engineering force, was in the city Monday, looking after the C, H. V. and T. connections here.

Dr. F. S. Adams arrived home from the West Monday, after an absence of two weeks at the beside of his father, also at Chicago.

There is some little anxiety among local medical men to know what has become of the Marion County Medical society. Has that organization got the grip?

J. W. Schrote, John Walters, Chas Straub and John Stark, all of the Steam Shovel works, left Monday night for Chicago, where they go to build a drag boat.

The commissioners had the court house reinsured Monday. The amount of the insurance is $60,000. Of this $45,000 is upon the building and $15,000 upon contents.

Mrs. M. A. Powers and Mrs. L. Denison left Sunday for Nankin, O, where they were called by a telegram announcing the death of their brother-in-law, James Edgar.

Miss Emma Lewis entertained about twelve of her most intimate friends at her home on Oak street, Monday evening. The event was given in honor of Miss Wiest, of LaRue, and it was a very enjoyable affair.

The boys at the Steam Shovel works have the laugh on Grant Holmes. It seems that Grant took a tumble at the works one day last week and in so doing received an impromptu bath in a tub of water that was standing near by

Harry Barker, of the Wells-Fargo express office, has been tendered and accepted a position in the Farmers and Mechanics Bank. Harry's friends are delighted over his success. His successor at the express office has not been chosen as yet.

Manager Jim Sargent has booked Frank Mayo for April 26th. He will appear in "Davie Crockett." Mr. Mayo declared his intention of not reappearing in Marion until we had a new opera house, but has evidently changed his mind.

Galion Leader: Rev. C. Hassel is at Marion on business, and will remain until Wednesday evening.—Ed Kramer, of Marion, is the guest of his sister, Mrs F. H. Else, on Pleasant Hill.—Percival Warren was granted a divorce from his wife, Etta, last Thursday. The woman is at Marion.

Mother Delong fell Monday afternoon and sprained her wrist very severely and also bruised the left hip. Fears are entertained by the physicians that a fracture of the surgical neck of the femur was the result. She is at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. G. Lucas, on north West street.

Mrs. T. P. Wallace is reported ill, seriously enough to require the postponement of the departure of herself and Mr. Wallace for Florida. They will start as soon as her health permits. Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. C. C. Fisher and daughter, Hope, and J. B. Fisher depart tomorrow for the Indian river section of Florida.

Marion Division, No. 15, U. R. K. of P., is preparing to give its tenth annual ball on the 16th of this month. The Knights have their committees at work and are preparing to give a ball that will be a rarely pleasant one. It will occur at Music Hall. The music has not been announced, but it will be of an excellent order.

Perry E. Adams, formerly in the C. and E. yards, has returned to Marion after spending three months in Boston. Mr. Adams' friends will be pleased to learn that he has taken a handsome young lady for a wife while East, and she has accompanied him on his return. He will again take a place in the yards and remain here.

Harry Brown has accepted a position on the local staff of the Findlay Republican and will assume his new duties this week. Mr. Brown is a newspaper worker of unusual talent and on so excellent a paper as the Findlay Republican he will find a field to enlarge his usefulness. His Marion friends wish him all imaginable success.

Frank James, guardian, Monday made affidavit before the probate court of the incorrigibility of Eva May Short, with a view to sending her to the Girl's Industrial Home at Delaware. This is the child whose condition was brought to public notice last November through her tale of mistreatment at her mother's home. The girl has since been living with her guardian. The probate judge has made application to have her admitted to the home.

"It leads them all;" is the general reply of druggists when asked about the merit or sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A TEMPORARY INJUNCTION

To Prevent Linsley & Lawrence from Unloading Coal on North Street.

A petition was filed in common pleas Friday by S. H. Bartram acting as attorney for John F. Lust, praying for an injunction to restrain Linsley & Lawrence from unloading coal on North street, where it fronts Mr. Lust's property recently purchased.

The petition recites at some length the annoyances consequent upon the practice of utilizing the street for unloading purposes, the same trouble that has heretofore been the subject of many grievances. Mr. Lust also states that he has in contemplation the erection of a new building and that the present method of utilizing the street would greatly interfere with the project. Judge Norris Saturday granted the injunction temporarily.

The North street matter is becoming very much mixed in its litigation. In the first place mandamus proceedings were instituted to compel the mayor and marshal to make arrests of any one using the street for unloading purposes. Arrests followed and the Big Four company secured an injunction to prevent the city authorities from making any more arrests.

The whole matter is unfortunate, inasmuch as it greatly inconveniences local dealers in an effort to reach the railroad company. On the other hand the custom of using the street for a coal yard is a great annoyance. The really desirable end to be reached is the opening of the street and providing some means to furnish satisfactory yard room for the railroads.

A CITIZEN OF WYOMING.

The Rambler Pays Tribute to a Marion Lady in Politics.

Miss Sue Moore, of Douglas, Wyoming, will vote for President next autumn, she having become a citizen of the cowboy state. Miss Moore has paid her poll tax, and as she has many admirers may possibly become Mayoress of Douglas in the spring. Among the many duties devolving upon my charming friend in her new relation as a citizen of a sovereign state, comes the grave necessity of getting full and and blowing a tin horn on election night, after the returns begin to show favorably. As she is the best talker in Wyoming of course the new citizen will take the stump. The bills will read:

RALLY! RALLY! RALLY!
Come out voters and hear
THE ISSUE OF THE DAY
most ably discussed for
four or five hours
by the
HON. SIOUX MOORE,
the auburn haired,
rosy cheeked and silver tongued
ORATOR
of Douglas.

Here's our hand. Shake, citizen Moore. RAMBLER.

Two fellows drove in to town early Tuesday with a horse and cart and put up at Knauss' livery stable. Their actions were so suspicious that the police were notified of their presence, and it was thought they had stolen the horse. They were run in Friday afternoon and put through a course of questioning They established their identity as coming from the vicinity of Norton, and after giving the histories of the first families of that village they were allowed to go. They had a jag, which they took out of town as soon as allowed to do so.

Policeman Con. Molloy captured a runaway horse about 2 o'clock Friday morning. Marion Ames, who resides on the extreme west end of Silver street, had been down near Owen attending a dance, and on returning home and while crossing the C., H. V. and T. railway on Silver street, the animal became frightened and ran away. Ames was thrown out and slightly injured When the horse ran into the policeman's way it had succeeded in pretty thoroughly tearing the buggy to pieces.

Superintendant Arthur Powell has the formal notice from the faculty of the Ohio State University that the examination of the course of study and the practical work of the Marion schools has proven satisfactory, and graduates of the Latin course will be admitted to the general courses of the State University conditioned only in trigonometry. In the scientific courses no examination will be required even in that branch.

Councilman Issleib paid a tribute to the intelligence of the people who are expected to use our new sanitary system of sewerage. In the discussion of the proper way to notify the residents along the route to prepare for tapping the sewer while it was building he argued that it should be done by personal notice, that the people didn't read the newspapers. The Third warder's constituency should look after him.

Accident at Lima.

Engineer Mike Mast, with engine 326, pulled C. and E. passenger train 3 out of here Sunday night, and while he was passing a side track a protruding board from a box car struck him on the head and seriously hurt him but just to what extent is not known. His home is at Huntington and he was taken on to that city. Mast has been on the C. and E. for several years, and was known as a competent engineer and his mishap is regretted.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

RUMORED PURCHASE OF THE C., H V AND T R R. BY THE BIG FOUR

President Wait to Become Vice-President and General Manager of the Big Four System—Negotiations Said to be About Completed—Some Effects of the Change.

The State Journal last Saturday said a railroad deal of vast importance to the business and financial interests of Columbus is said to be about to be consummated. Within a few days the announcement will probably be made that the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo railroad has passed into the control of the Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway company and will become a part of the Big Four system. The negotiations have been carried on with the utmost secrecy and it is considered they have so far progressed that only the details remain to be completed. President Ingalls of the Big Four has been in New York ever since the holidays looking after this deal in connection with others for the Chesapeake and Ohio, of which company he is also president. A few days ago he was joined by President Waite of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo, and C. O. Hunter, general solicitor of the road, states that he will soon be on his way to New York to assist in closing up the deal. The terms of the purchase of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo are not known, but it is expected they will be announced in New York, where the financial interests of both roads are handled, and where the negotiations have been carried on. It is understood that Mr. Waite is to become vice president and general manager of the Big Four under the new arrangement, and the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo will be operated as a division or divisions of the system. By the purchase of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo the Big Four will add 257 miles of main line and 77 miles of branches to its already extensive system, making a total of 2624 miles of track operated. That the deal will be of great benefit to the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo there is no doubt. Ever since the consolidation the company has struggled against difficulties. Loaded down with a debt that would be a burden to many a larger corporation it has, with varying uncertainty, fought against bankruptcy, which at one time it narrowly escaped on account of bad management. A reorganization which will put the company on a sound financial basis will probably follow. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo, which was adjourned from January 12, will be held next Tuesday, February 2, when President Ingalls of the Big Four will be elected a director for the future management of the road outlined.

The Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo road has under the management of President Waite attracted great attention in railroad and financial circles by its rapid development and the remarkable increase in its earnings. In fact he has shown by his skillful handling of the property that it was not past redemption. The growth not only of its coal traffic but the general business has far surpassed the expectations of its most sanguine friends. President Waite has not only paid all the fixed charges of the company but has placed considerable surplus earnings into improvements. Still the road is far from being what Mr. Waite would like to have it. Not only are extensive improvements needed, but new rolling stock. Mr. Waite foresaw the difficulties that the company would have to meet in putting the road in the best condition unassisted. The Big Four is able to develop it. The earning capacity of the road makes the Big Four safe in guaranteeing its bonds with assurances not only of immediate benefits from interchange of traffic but future revenue.

Last year the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo earned gross $3,088,899. Its net earnings were $1,411,067. The fixed charges amounted to $1,111,436 as follows: Taxes $71,320, rental to Pennsylvania company $24,490, interest on funded debt $977,420, other interest $38,205. The surplus over all expenses was $300,231. The capital stock of the company is $11,696,300. The total bonded debt $16,480,000, which with car trusts, etc., makes the total liabilities $29,918,837.

The purchase of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo will give the Big Four control of important territory. Aside from the immense coal fields which it taps it furnishes the connecting links between some of the leading commercial centers. It will give the Big Four a short line between Columbus and Sandusky via Carey, which will almost parellel the proposed Sandusky and Columbus Short Line. It will also give a short line between Cincinnati and Toledo. The Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo will also have an independent entrance into Columbus. The company now uses the Pennsylvania terminals, for which it pays a large rental.

Probate Court.

Robert G. Patten, guardian of Welcome Patten, filed first and final account.

Jacob H. Sulser filed application to have the last will and testament of Catharine Birtsch, deceased, admitted to probate and record.

John Miller, administrator of the estate of Mary Bay, deceased, filed an inventory and appraisement of said estate, and application to sell personal property at private sale.

William Bender and Emma P. Fatzler licensed to marry.

Linus Ross and Cora M. Saxton licensed to marry.

OUR IMMENSE

CLEARANCE SALE

IS A

GREAT SUCCESS!

And we will continue to close out the balance of our stock of Winter Goods—Clothing, Underwear, Gloves, Caps, Etc., at

COST PRICES!

As we would rather sell all of our Winter Goods at cost than to keep them over. Everybody should take advantage of this great sale, as it will last

ONLY 25 DAYS LONGER.

BLUE FRONT CLOTHING HOUSE

OPPOSITE HOTEL MARION, MARION, MARION, O.

A SUDDEN DEATH.

MRS MARY RYNN FOUND DEAD SUNDAY MORNING

She Retires in the Best of Health, But Death Claims Her Ere Morning—Her Demise Caused by Apoplexy—Leaves a Large Family.

The news that Mrs. Mary Rynn, wife of John Rynn, residing on Greenwood street, had been found dead in her bed Sunday morning, was received with surprise, as it was generally known by all who were acquainted with the lady that previous to that time she had been enjoying the very best of health, but nevertheless the report was true. The lady retired Saturday night, with her daughter Kate, apparently in her usual health, and about 7:30 the next morning her daughter awoke, and when she attempted to awake her mother discovered that she was very cold, and at once thought that she was dead. Dan Rynn, who is employed at nights about the railroads, came in about that time and he was called to the bedside, but his presence was useless, as his mother had passed away, and where no earthly help could ever again be of aid to her.

Coroner J. A. McMurray was summoned and found that the woman's death was caused by apoplexy. He arrived at the Rynn home shortly after 9 o'clock and says the woman must have died about midnight, from the appearance of her remains, and that death could hardly have occurred much later than that.

Mrs. Rynn was quite well known in this city. She was about 65 years of age at the time of her death. Her husband and five children are left to mourn her sad demise The funeral occurred Monday afternoon from St. Mary's Catholic church at 3 o'clock, and burial followed at the cemetery.

HONORING A MARION PHYSICIAN

Dr. A. Rhu Is Elected to the Faculty of the Ohio Medical University.

From the Columbus dailies we see our townsman, Dr. Auguste Rhu, has been elected to a chair, in the recently organized Ohio Medical University, located in Columbus, Ohio. This institution has behind it a very large capital, and there is no doubt that it will soon be one of the leading medical schools in the United States. The character and eminence of the men in charge of it, who comprise the board of trustees, are sufficient indications of the strength and success of the new institution. The prime features of the new institution is the new method of teaching adopted. The old plan of didactic lecturing to the students will be entirely abolished and the method of assigned lessons and recitations substituted. The student instead of being compelled to listen to a half dozen or more lectures each day, will enjoy the advantage of preparing lessons of proper length assigned and reciting them in the class room in a graded course.

The students are required to begin at the bottom and lay a strong foundation upon which to build a structure. No student is admitted to the University who has not a good literary education. In selecting Dr. Rhu as a member of the faculty the trustees have made no mistake. Both socially and professionally he represents the lasting, ideal qualities so necessary to professional success. We are therefore not surprised to hear of his fame extending outside the limits of Marion. Dr. Rhu will, however, remain in Marion and attend to his large practice as heretofore. The new University opens in September.

Prohibition Meeting.

The Prohibitionists of Marion county met Jan. 28, in W. C. T. U. room, Marion, and reorganized for active work.

Executive committee: Chairman, Rev. A. Crabtree, LaRue; vice-president, Dr. J. A. Mouser, LaRue; Treasurer, Daniel Uncapher, Marion; Hiram Mills, LaRue, secretary executive committee.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

THIS IS THE WEEK. The great sale of Ladies' Muslin Underwear was inaugurated Monday morning. Besides the immense lines at 25 and 50c, we are showing the finest lines at 75c, 99c, $1, $1.25, $1.37, $1.50, $2 and $2.50, that we have ever shown.

Superior workmanship, perfect shapes, full sizes, remarkably low prices. Do not delay.

Warner & Edwards.

OUR ENTIRE LINE OF

SPRING WHITE GOODS

HAS ARRIVED!

All the Small, Medium and Large Checks and everything in Stripes, also a full line of Lace Checks, Plaids and Stripes.

GINGHAMS,

at the price we ask for them, are going fast. Shrewd buyers take advantage of the saving and buy now. Outings never were so handsome. We never had so large a line to select from.

Closing out prices of Cloaks, Furs, Blankets and Dress Goods still on.

D. A. FRANK & CO.,

White Front, Masonic Block.

Our Extremely Low Prices

ON

EMBROIDERIES!

Are attracting much attention at the rate they selling. They will probably not last over another week. If you are needing or expecting to want anything in the EMBROIDERY line it will repay you handsomely to see this wonderfully cheap line.

UHLER, PHILLIPS & CO.

NEXT TO POSTOFFICE.



PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS TO

CALIFORNIA

VIA QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

NEW ORLEANS AND THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

DATES OF EXCURSIONS

JAN. 7, 21
FEB. 4, 18
MCH. 3, 17
APR. 7, 21

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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UNPUNISHED MURDERS.

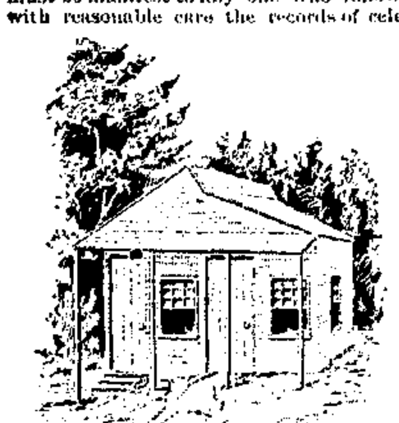
Sensational Crimes That Are Yet to Be Avenged.

A QUADRUPLE ASSASSINATION.

The Mystery of the Packwood Tragedy Still Far from Solution—Tena Davis' Untimely Taking Off—The Highbinder War at San Francisco.

"Murder will out."

This, like many another saying which is frequently quoted to illustrate a point, really has no rock rooted foundation in fact. That murder will not always "out" must be manifest to any one who follows with reasonable care the records of cele-



THE PACKWOOD COTTAGE.

brated crimes as they are reported from day to day in the newspapers. The mystery of the Nathan murder has never been unraveled, Jennie Cramer's death is still unavenged, and it is not a violent assumption that there is scarcely a city of any importance in the United States which has not its cause celebre in the way of an unexplained homicide.

In a wildly romantic spot in sunny Florida there occurred recently a crime so horrible that a narration of its details might suffice to make the strongest man feel faint.

Frank Packwood, with his four year-old son and sister-in law, Miss Adeline Hamilton Bruce, lived in a small, cheaply built house on a mound of shells, ten yards from the Hillsboro river, from which it was protected by a narrow island of sand and marsh. The place was far from civilization, no village being nearer than New Smyrna, seven miles distant. Only a few feet from the house proper was another two room, one story building used as a kitchen and dining room. These, together with a crude log stable and winehouse, constituted the only structures about the yard.

Packwood's wife had died when she became a mother, and with her last breath she had urged upon her sister Adeline to take care of the infant. Miss Bruce promised, and she was faithful to her trust up to the time of her murder. She and her brother in law being thrown together almost constantly became attached, and when Packwood proposed marriage she accepted him without hesitation. The prospective bridegroom started with a light heart for an adjoining county to inform his brother of the approaching nuptials. His little boy and the young woman stood on the rude piazza and waved goodby as he rode away.

When he returned two or three days later he saw the horribly mangled corpses of his only child, Frankie, Miss Bruce, Mrs



TENA DAVIS

Hatch, a neighbor who was visiting at his house during his absence, and her son, a bright child too young to be separated from his mother. Some miscreant, evidently cognizant of the fact that Packwood was away from home, had visited the place, and when repulsed by Miss Bruce had killed the quartet of defenseless witnesses of his dastardly attempt. This he did with a knife obtained from the kitchen, a pistol, and a long stick used to keep open the door of the winehouse. The victims, besides being stabbed or shot, were also beaten with the stick in such a horrible manner that their faces were scarcely recognizable.

The condition of the room in which the murder occurred showed that Miss Bruce had tried to kill the assassin, first with the pistol belonging to her brother-in-law and afterward with a shotgun. The ball from the former flew wide of the mark, while the shells in the latter were empty. The locality is sparsely settled, "everybody knows everybody else," and the murder was discovered on the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which it was perpetrated. A posse of 200 armed men scoured the adjacent territory, detectives followed up imaginary clews, private citizens volunteered to work on the case, the story of the crime was telegraphed from one end of the United States to the other, and still the identity of the murderer is shrouded in mystery.

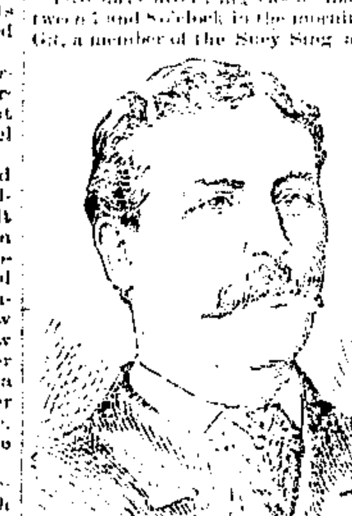
All Boston is talking of the mysterious death—murder it is generally called—of pretty Tena Davis, whose body was found on the bank of the Mystic river, near the mouth of a little creek, where the receding tide had left it. Some distance away, on the other side of the Wellington bridge, her hat was picked up. How it got there no one has been able to explain. A man who is employed as a helper in a large stable says that one night at about 8 o'clock, just as he had reached home, he heard a fearful scream. He is quite positive that it came from a woman.

Other circumstances tend to show almost conclusively that Tena Davis met her death by being thrown from the Wellington bridge at about 8 o'clock. A letter alleged to have been written by her, announcing that she intended to commit suicide, bore a postmark showing that it had been mailed hours after the girl was dead. Her condition, revealed by the post mortem examination, furnished abundant motive for some one to kill her, but the identity of that person has not yet been revealed, and the police are unable to discover it. One man, J. A. Trefethen, has been arrested, but it is claimed by his friends that he has an alibi. The case is likely to go down in criminal history as one of the mysterious and unpunished murders which are becoming alarmingly frequent.

San Francisco's Chinese quarter furnishes many illustrations of the fact that murder will not "out." The highbinders are mainly responsible for this condition of affairs. For some weeks past two of their societies have been at war and blood has begun to flow after an interval of several months of peace. These highbinders commit their crimes usually in broad daylight, and frequently almost within sight of the policemen. It would seem, therefore, that they would speedily fall victims to the vigilance of the officers of the law. But they have little or no fear of the witnesses among their own countrymen. The latter know too well that the giving of testimony would mean death within a few days. The pay allowed the "fighting men," as they are called, for killing an enemy, is $100. Where it is desired only to wound the victim ten dollars is the stipend. When a suspect is arrested it is difficult to get witnesses to appear against him, so completely have they been terrorized by the highbinders.

A short time ago Lee Ah Sing was shot in Cum Cook alley, San Francisco at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Two policemen who heard the three reports of the pistol gave chase to a fleeing Mongolian. When they reached him he fell dead. He was the victim instead of the assassin. A few days afterward Tarm Pong, a member of the Suey Sing society, was arrested, but as the witnesses who appeared against him all belonged to the Suey Ong, of which the murdered man was a member, not much weight was attached to their evidence, and it is feared that Lee Ah Sing's murder will go to join the long list of "undetected."

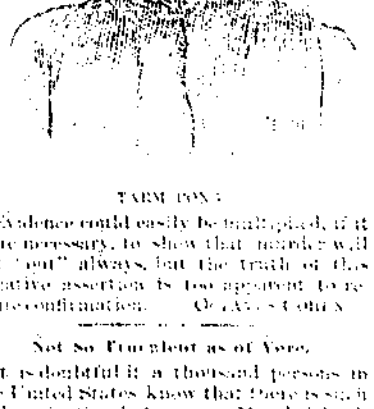
Two days after Sing's assassination, between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, Fong Git, a member of the Suey Sing and bill-



JAMES A. TREFETHEN.

poster for the Jackson Street theater, which had given offense to the highbinders by refusing to deal with them, was shot down on one of the principal streets in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. There was at least one witness of the affair, and he explained to the two policemen who were less than 200 feet away when the shooting occurred that the murderer had run into the hallway of a Chinese rookery opposite. This haunt was at once searched, but of course without avail, for it was like looking for a needle in a haystack, as the place actually swarmed with Chinamen, and the witness said that he would not be able to identify the man. No arrest has been made in this case at all, and the authorities acknowledge their inability to deal with the highbinder problem, which is fast becoming a serious one.

Fong Git's death served a double purpose so far as the Suey Ong were concerned. It avenged the murder of Lee Ah Sing, a member of the Suey Sing, two days before, and it was also intended as a notification to the managers of the Jackson Street theater on the part of the highbinders in general that there would be trouble unless the practice of deadheading them was resumed. This last murder has attracted more attention than is usually bestowed upon a Mongolian killing in San Francisco. This is due to the fact that the purely vendetta feature of highbinderism has been abandoned, and it is now sought to compel managers of places of amusement to submit to dictation from these outlaws under penalty of death. Stringent measures are to be adopted for the partial purification of Chinatown, and it is believed that a system of rewards can be inaugurated which will tend to aid materially in the detection and punishment of criminals. As the war is now on, however, between the Suey Ong and Suey Sing, it is not improbable that San Francisco will have a few more "mysterious murders" in the near future.



TARM PONG.

Evidence could easily be multiplied, if it were necessary, to show that murder will not "out" always, but the truth of this negative assertion is too apparent to require confirmation. OCTAVUS COHEN.

Not So Truculent as of Yore.

It is doubtful if a thousand persons in the United States know that there is such a place in South Africa as Matabeleland, and yet Lobengula, the King of that country, has hitherto imagined that he is one of the greatest men in the world. Up to four years ago no one was allowed to enter his domain without a permit, and missionaries especially were "warned off." But Lobengula has submitted to the extent of making a treaty with the British South Africa company, which now, by this new arrangement, controls altogether 400,000 square miles of territory.

TERRORIZED A NEIGHBORHOOD.

The Malicious Deeds of a Half Witted Young Woman.

Lydia Wolther is but twenty two years old and apparently simple minded, yet she has kept Calumet township, Dodge county, Wis., under a reign of terror for four months. She is of common appearance, but possessed of immense strength, her wrists being so large that no handcuffs in the county would encircle them. She is smart enough to have learned to read and write, yet is utterly destitute of moral sense, and all her gifts seem to have concentrated in a sublime capacity for lying.



LYDIA WOLTHER.

The terror began last fall, when the farmers found large stones thrust into their wheat sheaves and two or three threshing machines were ruined. Then the school house was gutted and finally burned. The church was bombarded and all the windows broken out. Then people's houses began to suffer, her father's first and worst of all. Stones weighing fifteen pounds were hurled as if from a catapult, sometimes splitting heavy doors. Superstition added its terrors. Children were afraid to stir abroad after dark, and many adults began to talk of a "curse on the neighborhood."

Guards by the dozen were set, and occasionally they saw a ghostly figure, but could not overtake it. Tracks of a barefooted person were found in the snow, and at last they were traced to the house of Samuel Wolther. He was arrested, but easily proved his innocence. A detective was brought from Chicago, but gave it up as a bad job. At last a watching party caught Lydia in the act, but she outran all of them but a Mr. Venie, and when he came up with her she made a vicious slash at him with a butcher knife. He knocked her senseless with his gun, and she was soon in the county jail.

There she kicked all the furniture to splinters and fought like a wild beast till placed in the iron cage. She refused food for three days, but weakness seemed to partially restore her reason. She was removed to the insane asylum and was almost unnaturally calm till food restored her strength, when she broke out in mirthful exaltation over the mischief she had done. Her practice had been to slip out at night after the rest of the family were asleep. Her parents are very respectable people, and her two sisters are above average in intellect and general attractiveness.

CAUGHT A FEMALE BURGLAR.

San Francisco Policemen Capture a Wayward Young Girl.

Hazel Herring is now an inmate of the Industrial school at San Francisco and will have to remain there until she is of age.



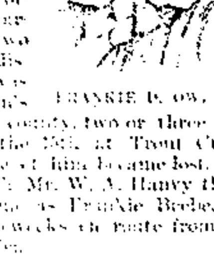
HAZEL HERRING.

Although but sixteen years old Hazel has been a "tough girl" for sometime. Eighteen months ago she began staying out late at night, and when her father remonstrated she told the old gentleman he was "cruel" and ran away. She repeated this operation often, each absence being of about a week's duration.

Then her parents had her committed to a reformatory, where she remained for nearly a year. She was released the other day and returned home. When night came on the old restlessness and desire to wander about seized her and she left the house unobserved. The rain fell in torrents, but "I like the rain," she says, and so she trudged about in the storm until she reached Silverman's dry goods store on Polk street. It was then about 2 a. m. Taking off a shoe she used it to smash the glass in the door, crawled through the hole and was having a solitary revel in the delights of the bargain counter when the police came along and arrested her. She declares she hasn't the remotest idea why she attempted to commit burglary, but during her imprisonment she may be able to reason out the cause for her waywardness.

Driven from Home Through Fear.

Frankie D., the twelve-year-old son of Editor George W. Owen of the Owosso (Mich.) Shiawassee American, has been missing from home since June 1. He had taken a rusty, harmless revolver into the schoolroom, whereupon the teacher is said to have told him he had committed a penitentiary offense. Fearing arrest a day or two afterward he disappeared. He was seen at St. Johns June 2, in Kent county, two or three days later, and on the 25th at Trout Creek, where all trace of him became lost. He ate dinner with Mr. W. A. Hanvy there. He gave his name as Frankie Beebe, and said he was two weeks en route from Detroit.



FRANKIE D. OWEN.

Frankie is four feet tall, with brown hair and blue eyes. He wore when he left home a light straw hat, dark coat and white waist, brown knee pants, black stockings and tennis shoes. He had a scar across and under his chin. The accompanying portrait was taken two years ago.

Mr. Owen was a soldier during the late war. He and his excellent wife have the public sympathy in their great trouble.

BEATING THE POOLROOMS.

Large Sums Netted by a Band of Conspirators.

There was a sensation at the Guttenberg race track, near Jersey City, the other day. Dispatches of strange import came in from the west. As soon as the facts could be made plain the racing bureau of New York city sent out this:

To all Poolrooms:

The first and second races at Guttenberg today were tampered with. The correct results were:

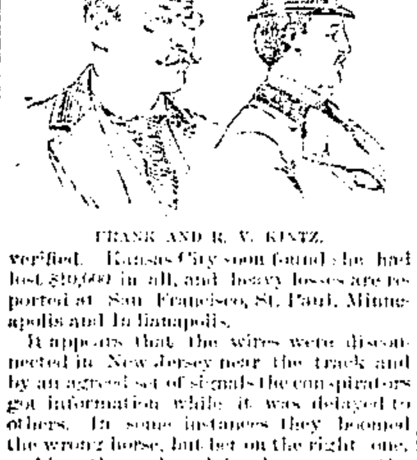
First Race—Insight, 1; Bonnie King, 2; Adalga colt, 3.

Second Race—Brooklyn, 1; Bimlex, 2; Rosa G colt, 3.

In twenty seconds after that dispatch reached them the poolroom proprietors of Kansas City were in carriages and driving like lunatics—first for the police and then to the Union depot. On the street Detective Con O'Hara grabbed one of the winners, who gave his name as Robert Vincent Kintz and frankly said: "Me business is beatin the races, see? I've been at it ten years and I'm still hittin it for all I'm worth, see? I came from Denver, where I lost $8,000 last week. There was no kick on that, see? It's only when these blokes lose that they beef."

And with that he threw a roll on the desk containing $888. His brother, Frank Kintz, had got into a Union Pacific chair car and into a toilet room and fastened the door, but Police Officer Quinn climbed on a chair, poked his pistol over the transom and remarked, "Open or I shoot!" He opened. He gave up enough to make the total $1,378. Then the question arose, What charge can these fellows be held on and how can the poolrooms get their money back, seeing that it is all gambling and equally illegal? And at last accounts that question was still bothering the police.

Exciting news soon arrived from other points. At Denver two "gents" who called themselves Perry and Rogers had got away safe with $1,500. At Omaha the same game was played, but the poolroom would not pay till the first reports were



FRANK AND R. V. KINTZ.

verified. Kansas City soon found she had lost $10,000 in all, and heavy losses are reported at San Francisco, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Indianapolis.

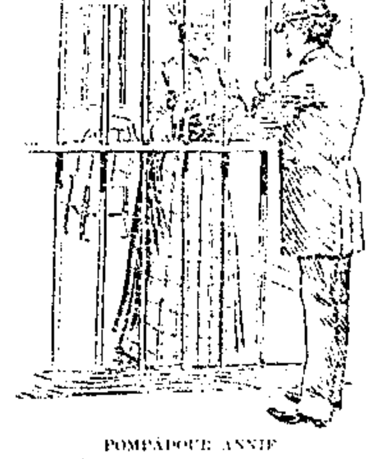
It appears that the wires were disconnected in New Jersey near the track and by an agreed set of signals the conspirators got information while it was delayed to others. In some instances they boomed the wrong horse, but bet on the right one, and in others they claimed money on the false reports first telegraphed. Six men worked the two poolrooms in Kansas City, but at least thirty conspirators were in it. It is almost certain that the law can do nothing with them except for cutting the wires. It is scarcely necessary to add that St. Louis and Kansas City are positive the swindlers are from Chicago.

A SAN FRANCISCO AMAZON.

She Knocks Out a Lumberman and Also Robs Him.

Pompadour Annie is a famous female of the Barbary coast, San Francisco, popularly supposed to be the wife of Paddy Fryer, ex-prizefighter. Fred Kronstedt is an athletic young man who has been chopping wood and cultivating muscle in Mono county. He is counted by his fellow laborers as a tough one in a scrimmage, but Annie whipped him in a fair stand up fight the other day in the open street.

The circumstances were in this wise: Fred had just got in with $200 in wages,



POMPADOUR ANNIE.

all in gold and in one purse, and was spending it pretty freely when Annie asked for the loan of twenty dollars. He offered her fifty cents and drew his purse, when she grabbed it with her left and at the same time handed him one with her right, which put a nice "moss agate" over his eye. He countered in good style and there was a beautiful fight, ending with an upper cut by Annie that laid Kronstedt flat.

She reached her hiding place with the money, and might have escaped if her pet dog had not whined around the door and so betrayed her. The money was recovered, and Annie confessed that she been taking boxing lessons for some months.

A Doctor's Prescriptions.

Distress brings out tales of humanity as well as tales of suffering. A Russian journal reports an interesting case of a philanthropic physician. Visiting the patients of his district, the doctor found that in many instances their sickness was caused by hunger. To the most needy he prescribed "six pounds of pure rye flour, in doses of two pounds a day." He ordered his patients to get the medicine at the drug store of the nearest village, where it would be issued free of charge every day. The good doctor made arrangements with the druggist to supply the flour at his expense. In this way his patients will be kept from starvation the whole winter.

Remarkable Matrimonial Chances.

When it comes to a question of matrimony it would appear that Paul du Chaillu, the explorer, has had more chances than any man since the days of Solomon. He says that while in Africa he was offered 2,000 wives—$15 in one day. Such being the case it is easy to understand the report that the genial author is popular with the ladies wherever he goes. Du Chaillu published his first book while in his twenties, and now, at fifty, he is contemplating the writing of a volume of reminiscences of the famous people he has met.

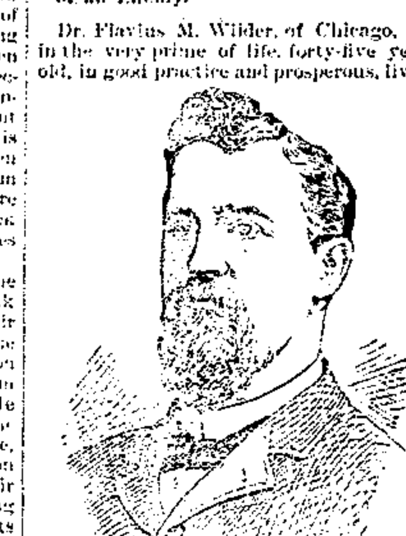
THE HOMICIDAL CRANK.

One of the Modern Menaces to Human Life.

THE REDMOND FAMILY TRAGEDY.

A Kidnaping That Has Culminated in Rendering Two Families Desolate. Wants to Slay Children—On the Track of an Enemy.

Dr. Flavius M. Wilder, of Chicago, was in the very prime of life, forty-five years old, in good practice and prosperous, living



DR. FLAVIUS M. WILDER.

with his mother, wife and three children at 2,515 Wabash avenue. On a recent morning he received a telephone call to a boarding house at 2,917 South Park avenue. He rang the bell, the door opened instantly and a revolver was thrust into his face and fired, the ball entering his brain. As he staggered and fell three more shots were fired, the last penetrating his body—a few faint gasps followed and Dr. Wilder was dead.

All general readers remember the pathetic story of pretty little four year-old Annie Redmond, who was stolen by a strange woman from a vacant lot near the Redmond home in May, 1888. Her father was an industrious blacksmith, who came from Ireland in 1869, and had already saved money enough to pay $1,000 for a farm which he deeded to his wife, and to lay up several hundred dollars and furnish a large shop. Every dollar aside from his farm was spent in searching for his child, and in December, 1888, he was declared insane and sent to an asylum. The child was found and her abductor sent to the penitentiary for five years. John Redmond apparently



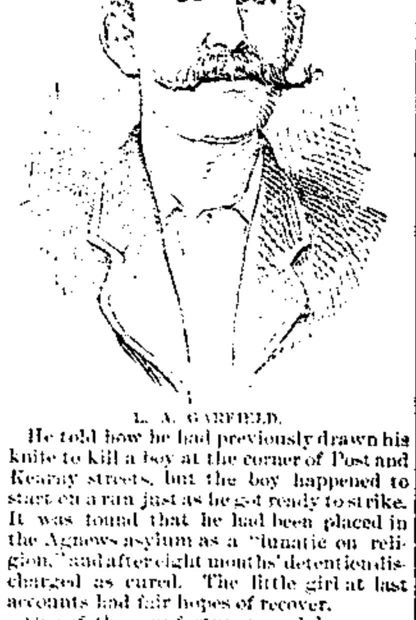
VLAHO BAUSIN.

recovered, but soon his wife declared her life in danger. There was an examination and Dr. Wilder was one of the physicians, but the authorities declared Redmond safe enough if he would let whisky alone.

Since July, 1890, Mrs. Redmond and her children have lived apart from the husband and father. In his diseased mind a theory gradually grew up that Dr. Wilder had seduced his wife and poisoned him, and with all the cunning of a monomaniac he planned this murder.

Distressing also was the assault on four-year old Georgiana Eda Bates, daughter of Attorney George A. Bates, of San Francisco. As she and her mother were walking along Market street in the early evening a man suddenly darted from the crowd, and with one maniacal blow he drove a knife blade into the child's skull. It broke square off, leaving three-quarters of an inch of it in the brain. There was a long and desperate chase and the man—Vlaho Bausin, a Slav—was captured, and this was his explanation:

"Judas Iscariot put a piece of the cross of Jesus Christ in my breast and told me I must kill a child—that will break the rule of the Catholic church and give me a chance to go before the grand jury."



L. A. GARFIELD.

He told how he had previously drawn his knife to kill a boy at the corner of Post and Kearny streets, but the boy happened to start on a run just as he got ready to strike. It was found that he had been placed in the Agnews asylum as a "lunatic on religion," and after eight months' detention discharged as cured. The little girl at last accounts had fair hopes of recovery.

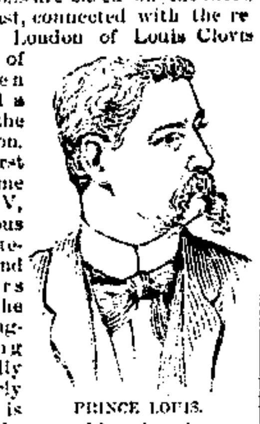
One of those unfortunate and dangerous men—"a little too crazy to run at large and not crazy enough to shut up"—is Lewis Garfield, who claims to be second cousin of the president. He has served eight years in the Indiana penitentiary for burglary and two in Ohio for pocket picking, and at last accounts was hunting for a woman who testified against him, with the avowed object of killing her. What shall be done for those unsuspected lunatics who multiply so rapidly in our modern civilization?

TROUBLES OF A BONAPARTE.

Charged with Bigamy and with the Theft of Jewels.

The slaying of one man is murder, the slaying of thousands makes a hero of the successful general, and ofttimes he walks upon a corpse paved road to throne and dominion. The wrongful acquirement of a dollar is robbery; the person who secures millions by stock jobbing is a "successful financier."

These reflections are based on the facts, present and past, connected with the recent arrest at London of Louis Clovis Bonaparte, son of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and a relative of the great Napoleon. He got his first baptismal name from Louis XIV, whose scandalous intrigues, wasteful luxury and bloody wars earned for him the title of the "Magnificent." King Clovis, that lordly butcher of early medieval days, is



PRINCE LOUIS.

responsible for the second baptismal name. As for his family—the Bonapartes—their record is written in gore on the annals of Europe.

Well, this young man trod the same path as his ancestors and namesakes, but he failed to fly so high and consequently he is in jail for theft. Complicated matrimony is responsible for the prince's present predicament. It appears, according to the version of the affair published by the New York Herald, that in 1885 an action for divorce was instituted by a Mr. Megone against his wife, who he charged had been intimate with Louis Clavering Clovis, the name by which Louis Clovis Bonaparte was then known. It was shown to the satisfaction of the judge before whom the case was called that there was collusion between the parties and the suit was dismissed.

In 1887 Mr. Megone instituted a similar suit against his wife in the Scotch court, the latter having gained jurisdiction through the fact that Mrs. Megone and Prince Louis were openly living together as man and wife in Scotland. This time Mr. Megone was successful and a decree nisi was granted on March 31, 1888. Mrs. Megone then resumed her maiden name of Rosalie Barlow, and on May 30, 1888, she married Prince Louis at the parish church of St. Thomas, at Douglas, in the Isle of Man.

Subsequently Prince Louis contracted a marriage with Miss Laura Elizabeth Scott, of Woodcliffe House, Burgess Hill, Middlesex, but who at the time of the marriage was temporarily residing at Heather Lodge, in the county of Surrey. On Nov. 17 a petition was presented to Justice Jeune in the divorce division of her majesty's high court of justice by the first wife, asking for a divorce on the ground of bigamy. She has supplemented this by causing her husband's arrest on the charge that he took from her jewels valued at £20,000 and gave them to Miss Scott as a wedding present. Bail was fixed at £5,000.

She Slept in the Barn.

Everybody has heard of the woman who made the sign of "scissors" with her fingers to her husband until the latter had her "good and drowned." Her determination not to give in is about equaled by a Crawfordsville (Ind.) woman. After a disagreement with her spouse one night she gathered up a pillow and two quilts and declared that she would sleep in the barn. He thought at first that she was only joking, but she went out and made her bed on the stable floor. After waiting in vain for her to return he proceeded to reconnoiter, and found her shivering with the cold, but determined to remain during the night. He got down on his knees and begged her to return to the house, but she was obstinate. He then aroused the neighbors, but she said she would sleep there in spite of all entreaties, even though the thermometer registered 10 degs. above zero accordingly they went home and left her to herself.

Sausage Made of Horse Meat.

Lots of people like sausage, and for many the frankfurter is an especially toothsome luncheon. But listen to this news from France: It is officially announced that the people of Paris consumed within the past year 21,291 horses, 229 donkeys and 40 mules, the meat weighing, according to the returns, 4,615 tons. At the 180 shops and stalls where such food is sold the price has varied from two sous to a franc a pound, the latter being the price of the best horse steaks. Only about one-third of the meat is sold fresh and undisguised, the rest is used in making sausages, 402 horses having been seized and condemned as unfit for food before being turned into sausage. Let us hope that the American sausage is not like the French.

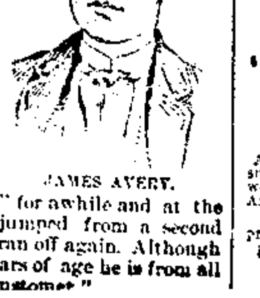
Winter's Eccentricities.

The vagaries of the weather during the winter of 1891-2 will become matters of history. While in the north mild temperature has prevailed throughout many sections, the cold weather and heavy snow storms in New Mexico have been unprecedented. Numerous ponds in Grant county have been frozen over, something which has not happened certainly in nine or ten years. Many fat antelope have been killed near Maxwell city, the animals being unable to get away on account of the deep snow. In some parts of the Rocky mountains, on the regular roads, snow has drifted to a depth of thirty-five feet and more. Snowslides, with loss of life, have been numerous.

The Jail Couldn't Hold Him.

Mr. James Avery, as he is called, because the police don't know his real name, is a sort of a Gilbert & Sullivan comic opera rascal. On the appearance of trouble he "takes a header," and "when the skies above are clearing he bobs up serenely from below."

James is just now an object of interest to the good people of Scottsburg, Ind. The other night he escaped from the custody of the sheriff for the second time. Last December he was arrested for grand larceny. Jan. 4 he hit the jailer on the head with a poker and got away. He was recaptured the next day and had a congestive chill as the result of his exposure. He made capital of this illness, "played sick" for awhile and at the



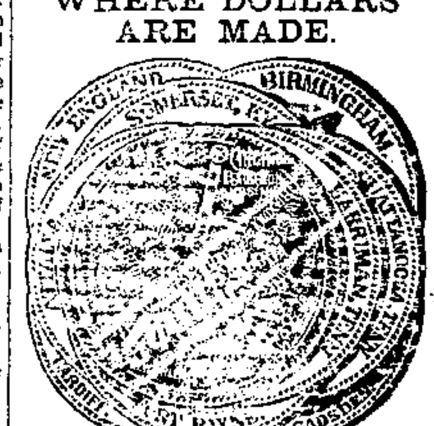
JAMES AVERY.

first opportunity jumped from a second story window and ran off again. Although but twenty-one years of age he is from all accounts a "slick customer."



A woman's aim is to look her best—but she'll never reach it without perfect health. For perfect health, take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. All the functional irregularities and weaknesses that make life miserable to women, are cured by it. It's a powerful, invigorating tonic, and a soothing and strengthening nervine—purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, unnatural discharges—everything that's known as a "female complaint"—it's a positive remedy. It's the only one that's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction *in every case.* It costs you nothing, unless it helps you. You can afford to try it, on these terms. Can you afford to neglect it?

WHERE DOLLARS ARE MADE.



The line of the QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana offers greater opportunities to

Settlers, Manufacturers

AND

General Business Enterprises

Than any other part of the U. S. Vast bodies of

Coal, Iron, Timber and Farm Lands,

ALSO

Thousands of Acres of Long Leaf Yellow Pine for Sale Cheap.

This road runs through the thriving towns of Lexington, Danville, and Somerset, Ky.; Rockwood, Harriman, and Chattanooga, Tenn.; Ft. Payne, Attalla, Birmingham, and Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Meridian, Hattiesburg, Jackson, and Vicksburg, Miss.; New Orleans, Delhi, Monroe, and Shreveport, Ala. Some of the new towns will donate money and land to locate Manufacturing enterprises.

The Railroad Company will make low rates for Passengers and Freight, and afford investors every opportunity to examine the different localities. If necessary, will send a representative with the party.

Full particulars, and any required information, will be sent by calling on application to

D. G. EDWARDS, G. P. and T. Agt., Q. and C. Route, Cincinnati, O.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

Young Mothers!

We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Robs Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk.

After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness afterward usual in such cases.—Mrs. ANNIE GAGE, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 15th, 1891.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book to mothers mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

BLACK WALNUT LOGS and lumber wanted for cash. For specifications, prices, etc., see H. A. Martin, 232 south East street, Marion, Ohio. Logs and lumber to be delivered in Marion. Hickory, oak and ash logs also bought. 29tf.

FOR RENT OR SALE—Eighty-two acres of good land, three miles east of Galion, on the Mansfield road. For rent only for cash rent. Inquire of C. Bader, 130 Boulevard street, Marion, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Fifty-six acre farm near Agosta, at a bargain. See Chase & Hunter, Marion, Ohio. 34tf

THE BOSTON.

"Cummin Memorial Building."

Our Heavy Goods Sale is doing nicely and everybody seems pleased.

Heavy Goods Sale Continues.

Shoppers from Galion,
Shoppers from Prospect,
Shoppers from LaRue,
Shoppers from Richwood,
Shoppers from Caledonia,
Shoppers from Upper Sandusky,
Shoppers from all parts of the country are unanimous in saying that the BOSTON is the first store in Central Ohio.

First in Importance.
First in Stylish Goods.
First in Right Prices.

Buyers are commencing to realize the fact that we do just as we say. Your confidence is what we want.

An important department is Muslins. You buy Muslins in the early part of the year to make up before the rush of regular spring sewing is upon you.

Call the roll of makes—

Unbleached—

Atlantic L L, 33 inch	5c
Fa ous Arrow Brand	6½
Challenge B	7c
Pacific D	7c
Century B	8c
Dwight Star, 40 inch	9c
Heavy Twills	10c

Bleached—

Middlesex B B, 31 inch	5c
Improved H	6c
Hercules	7c
Cabot	8c
Glad ahags	8c
Androscoggin L	9c
Fruit of the Loom	8½c
Farwell Bleached	9c
Farwell Half Bleached	8c
Londsdales starts at	9c
Amerkeag Brand	9½c
Grass Bleached Nightgown Cloth	12½c

Pillow Cottons—

10-4 starts at 20c a yard.

Sheetings—

8-4 start at	18c
9-4 start at	19c

These are Standard Brands and fine qualities.

Special attractions each day between 9 and 10 a.m. and 1:30 and 2:30 p.m.

The Boston One Price Dry Goods Store,
CUMMIN MEMORIAL,
201 and 203 East Center St., Marion, O.
THOS. COULTON Pres. W. B. HOAG Mgr.

LOCAL NEWS.

F. L. Warren, of Richwood, was in the city Thursday.

Miss Clara Jacoby has returned from a visit at Galion, accompanied by Miss Daisy Sawyer.

F. R. Saiter made a business trip to Columbus Wednesday. Miss May Saiter accompanied him.

Miss Jessie Pettit left today for Akron, Ohio, where she will make her future home, with Mr. and Mrs. John F. Uhler.

Miss Lottie Carr, of Springfield, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. E. Powers, and attended the leap year ball Thursday night.

Miss Lucia May Wiant sends word home that she has a class of over one hundred pupils at Canton, Gov. McKinley's home.

Mrs. T. F. Smith and Mrs. Lyman Dann and baby son, of Columbus, arrived in the city and are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fribley, completing the family circle at the Fribley home.

George W. Worden, recently publisher of the LaRue news, was in the city Thursday. Mr. Worden has sold out but does not expect to drop the newspaper business. When he has settled up his business at LaRue he will look up a new field of labor.

Real Estate
—IS—
LOOKING UP A LITTLE.
NOW
is a good time to buy a house and lot or a farm.
See us in our new office over Bower's shoe store.
CHASE & HUNTER.

Mrs. Geo. Watkins is a victim of rheumatism.

Dr. J. W. Hensley has gone to West Virginia, his old home, to remain a few days.

John Freeman, assistant cashier in the Prospect bank, was in the city Thursday on business.

C. W. Hooven, traveling passenger agent of the Big Four, was in the city Thursday on business.

J. M. Wilson, of Chesterville, father of Mrs. C. W. Criswell, is a guest at the Criswell home in this city.

Miss Maggie Moesman, of Erie, Kan., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. B. Dickerson, of Kensington Place.

The county commissioners were over in Bowling Green township Wednesday looking after some ditch matters.

Mrs. Jno. Swisher, of Union City, Ind., is visiting the Swisher families of this city on Mark and Park streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mooney, of Mt. Gilead, were the guests of the family of John Mooney Wednesday, returning home Thursday.

Ed Kraner, who has been the guest of friends and relatives in Galion and Bucyrus for the past few days, returned home Thursday.

Mrs. W. Retterer left Thursday morning for Brightwood, Ind, to join her husband, who has secured employment in the Big Four shops at that place.

Mrs. H. B. Pennell and son, of Portland, Me., are guests of Mrs. Pennell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fribley, on east Center street, expecting to remain a week.

Huntington Herald: The east end of the C. and E, from Marion to Huntington, handled thirty trains Sunday, and it was only a fair day for business at that.

Prof. Booth, superintendent of the Richwood schools, and Mr. Martin teacher of the A grammar department, were visitors at the Marion schools Wednesday.

Charles Brelsford was at Huntington, Ind., Wednesday evening in attendance at a private dancing and skating party, given at the rink at that place.

Joseph Martin, proprietor of the Utah House at Upper Sandusky, was in town Thursday on business. He at one time managed the C. and E. eating house here.

A large gun, weighing fourteen and a half tons, addressed to Commanding Officer Presido, San Francisco, Cal., was shipped through here via the Erie Wednesday night.

Philip Schrock started up his sawmill, two miles southeast of the city, Thursday. He opens up business in full blast, having about four hundred logs on the ground to dispose of.

Frank Kellar came up from Prospect Wednesday night and took the Big Four for New York, where he goes to act as judge in awarding premiums at a poultry show in that city.

The next Music Hall attraction will be "New York Day by Day," which is dated for Wednesday evening, Feb. 10. The Nibbe Burlesque company has canceled its date for the 13th.

The "dollar" social at the Free Baptist church Wednesday evening was a success in every particular. Both a good social time and a neat sum of money resulted from the affair.

The improvements at the engine house have all been completed, for the present, at least. Whether the present council will inaugurate more changes in that old building remains a matter of doubt.

'Squire McNally is getting right in it, in the way of performing marriage ceremonies. Wednesday afternoon William C. Wagner and Effie L. Warner were married at his office, the 'Squire performing the ceremony.

The Mitchell-Slavin Athletic combination telegraphed Manager Sargent for a date at Music Hall, Monday evening, February 22. The hall is engaged by the public schools that date for Washington's birthday observance. Col. Sargent has not learned as yet if an approximate date will be satisfactory.

Agent Bowen, of the Big Four, says Marion will have no union depot. He assigns as a reason that the Big Four is not inclined to abandon a convenient up town passenger station for the best that could be built at the junction. Marion is down on the Big Four list for a fine passenger depot this year or next. Prices have already been secured with the view of taking option on some desirable ground.

The I. W. Harper is the finest whisky on earth. Used in moderation, it is a sure specific for indigestion, for general debility, for insomania, for mental depression. It is as fragrant as ripe fruit and if used in moderation it lengthens life, adds to our joys and drives dull care away. The I. W. Harper whisky is absolutely pure, prescribed by she best physicians of this country, and by degrees it is winning a world-wide reputation. Sold by J. D. Gregory, Marion, O. 24mo6

The remodeled home of Mr. George W. King, of the Steam Shovel company, is about completed, and its pleasing exterior is far surpassed by its inviting interior. It will be instantly classed as among Marion's finer residences. Mr. King's friends are delighted to see it. He undertook to take the place of the lamented General Manager Barnhart, and has succeeded admirably. Those who feared the company lost its genius may rest assured that Mr. King is steadily keeping the company's machines in the front rank with new and modern improvements.

B. F. Stull is away from the store on account of sickness.

J. J. Fahey was down from Galion over Tuesday night.

C. H. Rowse, of Caledonia, was in the city Wednesday on business.

Mrs. Henry Martin, on south East street, is among the sick.

Miss Maud Doty is at Huntington, Ind., visiting with friends.

Dr. Harding was at Galion Wednesday, attending the funeral of an uncle.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Case, of Norwalk, are guests of Dr. C. T. Wiant and wife.

C. L. McCullough and P. G. Marshall were at Lima Friday, taking in the sights of the oil city.

Dr. Rhu went to Cleveland Friday morning on professional business, to remain during the day.

Miss Annie Smith, of Mansfield, arrived in the city Wednesday and is a guest of Mrs. C. C. Pettit.

Rev. Stith and wife and little daughter are all confined to their home in East Marion with the grip.

Sheriff S. B. Rice was at Columbus Wednesday attending a meeting of sheriffs and recorders of the state.

J. R. Carder has been laid up for a couple weeks with rheumatism, and has a serious time of it before him.

Bob Fenton has for the first time donned the Erie's uniform and shows up quite well in blue with brass buttons.

George W. Robertson was over at Caledonia Wednesday, finishing the erection of the Lafferty monument at that place.

Master Otto Hinds is still quite sick at the home of his parents on east South street, after a week's suffering with fever.

Geo. W. Cook, county treasurer, has filed a suit of attachment against the Scioto Water company, for $1433.20 due the county as taxes.

Miss Alice Dorward left Monday morning for Cleveland, to take a position with Hart & Co, wholesale milliners, to be absent about five months.

Miss Ella Malcolm, of Bucyrus, who has been a guest at the home of G. H. Wright, on Bellefontaine avenue, for the past couple weeks, returned to her home Friday.

C. F. Cruso Tuesday purchased the Turf saloon on Main street. The outfit was sold on a chattel mortgage held by Chris Koehler and an execution in favor of Leibold Bros.

The infant daughter of John M. and Carrie C. Garberson, of Claridon township, died Tuesday, aged one week. The remains were brought to Marion cemetery for burial Wednesday.

Ida Postle, of LaRue, has sued for divorce from John Postal, alleging willful absence and failure to provide as grounds. Her petition was filed today by G. E. Mouser as attorney.

Miss Emma Hixon, who has been visiting at the home of J. R. Carder, on north East street, left Wednesday for Urbana, where she will visit a few days prior to her return to Xenia.

Wesley Overly has accepted a position with one of Dayton's suspender factories and will go on the road for them. Indiana is his territory and his friends hope to see him succeed splendidly as a drummer.

The directors of the Shields Automatic Car Coupler company recently organized with a couple changes in the list of officers. They now are: M. B. Dickerson, president; B. F. Stahl, 1st vice-president; E. Huber, 2d vice-president; Robert Hopkins, secretary; B. F. Shields, manager.

The funeral of Frederick Staub's two children, Freddie and Herman, occurred Friday forenoon. The services at the house were attended by a large and sympathetic audience of friends. The children were buried in one coffin. It was a touching scene, unusual in its sad circumstances.

The local statesman that wants to wear a diadem should get an ordinance or an ordinance to enforce an ordinance to require gates to swing inward. There are streets in the city where dozens of good, bad or indifferent gates stand open to impede the passage of every pedestrian. It is an awful nuisance.

The judges who counted the seeds in Oppenheimer's prize pumpkin have awarded the first prize to Mrs. Henry Burkehardt, instead of Mrs. Henry. The clerk in recording the name omitted the latter part of the name, and upon ample proof of Mrs. Burkehardt's claim to the prize it was awarded her.

The city engineer's office has turned out a number of blue prints of North street and the Big Four railroad tracks, to be used in the litigation that is to follow. There is a determination to fight the matter until the rights of the city and railroad company are determined. Developments will be watched with much interest.

Cardington Independent: The home of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Sharp was taken full possession of on the 23d ult. by a merry sleighing party from Marion, consisting of Mrs. Bunker, Mrs. Ulman, Miss Amberg, Mrs. Wilson Peters, Mrs. James Sargent, Mrs. Charley Leffler, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. E. B. Priest, Mrs. Thos. Mack and Miss Jennie Scribner, together with Cardington friends, Dr. Greaves and wife, H. H. Scribner and family and Dr. Neal and wife and little son Carl. Soon after their arrival dinner was served and the time pleasantly occupied in visiting and taking in the sights of our city.

OUR NEW BOUNDARIES.

The Corporation Reduced to the Extent of 1840 Acres.

The commissioners Tuesday considered and passed upon the detachment of real estate from the corporation, and as a consequence the city limits have been greatly reduced. The corporation lines are, as a consequence, pretty difficult to describe. The only localities where the old lines remain unchanged are on the east and north. The quarter section containing the fair grounds and extending to West street, remains in, otherwise a half mile is taken off the north. On the east the old line from an half mile of the south line and to Fair Ground street on the north remains. On the west a quarter of a mile is taken off, while the south is effected from a quarter to a half mile. On the west Councilman Conley is left out, so that that gentleman can not serve the city in a councilmanic capacity longer.

A description of the land detached is as follows: The west half of the southeast quarter and the southwest quarter of section 14, containing 240 acres, more or less; the southeast quarter of section 15, containing 160 acres; the south half of section 16, containing 320 acres; the east half of the southwest quarter of section 17, containing 80 acres; the east half of the northeast quarter and the east half of the southeast quarter of section 20, containing 160 acres; the east half of the south half of section 28, containing 160 acres; the south half of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of section 27, containing 240 acres; the southwest quarter and the west half of the northeast quarter of section 26, containing 320 acres, all of said lands being in township 5, south range 16 east, and containing in the aggregate 1840 acres more or less.

EVIDENTLY STOLEN.

Burt Grace Has a Horse and Buggy Taken from a Hitching Rail.

The method of horse stealing, which has become familiar in Marion, was evidently practiced again Thursday night. Burt Grace, who resides at the corner of Silver and Lee streets, drove into the city about 7 o'clock in the evening and hitched his mare, attached to a buggy, in front of Snyder's shoe store, on north Main street. It was about 8:30 when he returned to get the rig to go home and found it gone.

Grace at once began a search for the lost property, which he continued all night without avail. No trace whatever of the outfit could be found. There is no doubt of the animal being untied, but whether taken for the purpose of theft is of course not known.

The mare, a dapple bay, with white star in forehead, was of good size, and rather thin of flesh. She was attached to a top buggy. Descriptive telegrams were sent to all surrounding towns today in regard to the theft.

ORRIN BEEM DEAD.

His Injuries Received In Goose Creek Prove Fatal.

Orrin Beem, of Richwood, the contractor on Goose Creek sewer injured Tuesday, Jan. 26, by the trench caving in, died at the home of his son, on south East street, Tuesday afternoon about 4 o'clock from his injuries.

Mr. Beem's injuries developed a sertendency the second day after the unfortunate accident, and he has since suffered intensely. His physicians, who pronounced his injuries rupture of the bladder, had no hopes at any time of his recovery. A post mortem examination was held Tuesday evening, which substantiated as correct the diagnosis of the case.

Deceased was 61 years of age. He was greatly respected at his Richwood home, and among his acquaintances in this city was no less admired. The remains were taken to Richwood Wednesday a. m., where funeral services will be held and burial will follow at that place.

Will Not Come.

There has been much inquiry in regard to the music for the 5th annual ball of the Huber Boiler Makers. It was the intention of the managers of the ball to have something away up in the way of music, and made an effort to get the Marine Band, of Washington. The following letter from the director of the Marine Band is self-explanatory:

MR. J. H. RICHARDS,
MARION, O.

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 3d ultimo. Owing to the great amount of official business the band performs during the social season, it is impossible for me to make engagements to leave Washington. Thanking you for your kind offer I am

Very respectfully,
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

The boiler makers, nevertheless, intend to have something unusual in the way of music.

Mrs. Fies Remembered.

The fiftieth birthday of Mrs. Wm. Fies, which occurred Tuesday, had a most pleasant terminus. In the evening a number of her sisters of the Daughters of Rebekah, with their husbands and gentlemen friends, called at her home, and one of those affairs that are so enjoyable to the members of that order was the result. A feast such as is only fit for such pleasant events was served and heartily partaken of. After the feast came the most pleasing feature of the evening, that of presenting Mrs. Fies with a badge emblematic of the Daughters of Rebekah.

Miss Flora Routzahn, of Mansfield, is the guest of Miss Clara Louise Johnston, at the Kerr House.

WAIT!

Just about two or three days yet. We are at present Invoicing and when through we have a lot of 53 suits, one of a kind, which we are going to cut down from $12 and $14 to $7.50 and $8. Of course these suits will not last long at the price and we advise people who want them to come at once.

Single garments of all kinds for just one-half.

SAM OPPENHEIMER,
BENNET BUILDING.

Probate Court.

J. H. Smeltzer, guardian of Harry D. Stauffer, filed eighth and final account.

James McKinstry made application to have the last will and testament of Mariah Brownlee admitted to probate; for hearing on February 8.

Philip Almendinger appointed guardian of Henry and Frederick Schelling.

John L. McClenathan filed application to have the last will and testament of Mary Ann McClenathan admitted to probate and record; hearing Feb. 18.

Wesley Almendinger, administrator of the estate of Frederick Schelling, deceased, filed his first and final account.

George E. Salmon filed application to have the last will and testament of Francis Gooding admitted to probate and record; hearing Feb. 6.

Benj. F. Cloud and Cora B. Jackson licensed to marry.

Wm. C. Wagner and Effie L. Warner licensed to marry.

Some Doubt About It.

An half dozen fellows were sitting about the big stove in the city engine house Tuesday discussing things temporal and spiritual. The conversation finally turned upon the subject of death, and the party entered into the discussion with all the nonchalance of men who are in good health. Mayor Dudley, who was among the number, argued that death was not such a dreadful thing to the man who was getting up in years. "Why, if I should be called over now, I am sure of the satisfaction of having the police force following me to the grave."

"That's doubtful," responded a thoughtful young man. "Who in thunder could find the police in time for the services?"

Real Estate Transfers.

Hattie L. Burnette to Mary E. Dodson, lot 2375 in Marion, $1100.

Annie E. Davis to Linsley & Lawrence, lot 1389 in Marion, $360.

Henry Swinterman to Ezekiel Brown, 94½ acres in Salt Rock township, $2000.

Rosanna Clyne to Thomas S. Maxwell, 80 acres in Salt Rock township, $3000.

Wm. Bain to Chas. and A. J. Roux, 44 acres in Montgomery township, $2210.

Sallie F. Rigg, by sheriff, to Timothy Fahey, lots 81 and 132 to 139 inclusive, in New Bloomington, $150.

Harvey Stauffer to Samuel Smeltzer, 5¼ acres in Marion township, $180.

The Death of Two Children.

Quite a sad death occurred on Pearl street thursday a. m. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Staub, it being their son, Fred. He was about four years of age and a bright little fellow. He was attacked with membraneous croup and that malady finally resulted in his death. The parents and family of the deceased child are grief-stricken and have the sympathy of many kind loving friends in their great sorrow.

After the above was written another son of Mr. and Mrs. Staub, Herman Staub, passed away. He was between 6 and 7 years old. Death was caused by membraneous croup also. His demise occurred about noon.

Public Library Lecture Course.

The fourth Entertainment of the Library Lecture Course will be next Tuesday evening Feb. 9th, at which time Col. Geo. W. Bain, the Kentucky orator, will give one of his popular lectures.

His subject will be "Boys and Girls, Nice and Naughty," or "The Pendulum of Life," and the entertainment going people of Marion are promised something fine as he is ranked among America's first orators.

Plumbers naturally look forward to a busy season upon the completion of the sewer. The sewer itself and the many connections will naturally be expensive, but the comfort and improved condition of matters are well worth the cost. People do not know the value of sewerage until they have once experienced it.

Ohio Republican League Meeting.

The annual convention of the Ohio Republican League will be held in the Grand Opera House, Columbus, at 10 a. m., Friday, February 12, 1892, for the transaction of such business as may properly come before it and for the election of officers for the ensuing year. Each club in the league is entitled to representation by five delegates and five alternates in the said convention. Delegates' names should be sent to the secretary at Columbus as soon as they are selected and the delegation should report at state headquarters, 120 east State street, Columbus, immediately on arrival to secure proper badges. Admission to the floor of the convention will be limited to those wearing badges, the galleries being reserved for visitors.

Indications already point to this as one of the largest political gatherings ever held in the West. General Clarkson, chairman of the National Republican committee, and many other distinguished party leaders and statesmen will be present and address the convention.

Delegates will be chosen to the National Republican League convention, and practical work for the impending important presidential campaign mapped out.

A special rate of one fare for the round trip has been secured on all the railroads from all points in Ohio, good coming on February 11th and 12th, and returning February 13th.

The citizens of Columbus are making generous provision for the special entertainment of all visitors.

Clubs that have not selected delegates should attend to the matter at once and report names to secretary.

W. I. SQUIER, president.
JOHN J. CHESTER, secretary.

In Memoriam.

Travis Wilson Crawford was born March 20, 1842, near Bloominggrove, Morrow county, and met instant death from accident on January 31, 1891, at Kansas City, Mo. His death was particularly sad. Mr. Crawford, a railroad workman all his life, was employed in the yards in Kansas City, Mo. He had just arranged his affairs for a trip east to visit near and dear relatives. He had gone so far in his arrangements that he had secured his lay-off, packed his clothes, and was to work but one day before leaving. But that fateful day was his last. While engaged in shifting cars he slipped and fell beneath the relentless wheels. His body was cut in twain and with one gasp he died.

Deceased was a jovial and whole hearted man whose presence lent cheer to every household that he visited, and his friends were deeply attached to him. At his death they are greatly grieved. The remains were brought to his old home in Morrow county and the funeral services were conducted by Rev. Elcock. Burial occurred at Bloominggrove cemetery, in whose silent graves lie many who were loving friends and relatives in life, and with whom, let us hope, he may be assembled in the glad meeting of the resurrection morning. W. G. H.

Skeleton Fishing Club Banquet.

After the Kentucky liquor house had closed its doors, Wednesday night, a banquet of fifteen plates was spread. The banquet was given by the Skeleton Fishing club in honor of Messrs. Maigner and John Creighton, of Chicago. The tables were spread in the back room and the feast proper began between 10 and 11 o'clock, and of course there was that to go with the eatables that would create merriment, and such was the nature of the affair. Besides toasts and laughable stories there was music, both vocal and instrumental. It was a happy hit by the members of that club, and an enjoyable occasion for all.

Married.

January 30th by Rev. A. D. Matthews, No. 182 south Main street, Mr. Linus A. Ross and Miss Cora M. Saxton, both of this city.

NEW INCORPORATED
BANK!

THE old Marion County Bank has transferred its business and name to the Inrorporated Marion County Bank with a capital of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

The officers remain the same as in the old Bank,

J. S. REED, Pres.,
HENRY TRUE, Cash.,
W. H. SCHAFFNER, Asst. Cash.

LEGAL NOTICE.

JAMES DEAL, whose place of residence is unknown, will take notice that Jessie Reed, of Marion Ohio, filed on the 23d day of January, 1892, a petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Marion county, Ohio, and where the same is now pending, averring that he is the owner of the one undivided half of the East ½ of the Southwest quarter of section 18, township 4, South Range 14 East, containing 93 acres, more or less, and that James Deal is the owner of one-half of said land—it all being subject to the dower estate of Rebecca Smith upon 31 acres off of the South end of said lot, and demanding partition of said land subject to said dower estate.

James Deal is required to answer said petition on or before the third Saturday after the 5th day of March, 1892.

fa9t JOHNSTON & YOUNG,
Att. neys for Plaintiff.

School Examinations.

THE School Examiners of Marion County, O. will meet for the examination of teachers

FEBRUARY 13TH.
FEBRUARY 27TH.
MARCH 12TH.
MARCH 26TH.
APRIL 9TH.

Examination will commence at 9 a.m., and no application will be received after 10 a.m. All examinations will be written, and positively no private examinations will be granted. A fee of 50 cents will be charged on admission to the examination, and each applicant will furnish an envelope, stamped and addressed to him or herself, in which a certificate or notice of failure will be forwarded. Applicants will be graded on a scale of 10. No certificate will be granted when the grade in any branch of study falls below 5. An average of

7	secures a Certificate for	1	year,
8	"	2	years,
9	"	3	years.

Knowledge of the theory and practice of teaching and success in the school room will also be taken into consideration in determining the class of certificate.

LEWIS RANCK,
B. G. YOUNG,
U. K. GUTHERY, } Examiners.

14 YEARS SUFFERING
Of Nervousness Cured
BY 2 BOTTLES OF
DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE
NERVINE



Says A. F. Stark, Penn Yan, N. Y. "10 Years of Sick HEADACHE Cured by Two bottles."—Emeline Flint, Ottawa, Ohio. Nervine is the quick remedy for Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Opium Habit, Nervous Dyspepsia, Hysteria, Convulsions, Neuralgia, Paralysis, etc. Thousands testify. Trial Bottle and Elegant Book FREE at druggists.
DR. MILES' MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.
Sold by L. DENISON & CO.

Remembering the Widow.

A large number of the ladies on the hill, immediate neighbors of the Widow Mutchler, gave that good lady a pleasant and profitable surprise Wednesday evening. They came in upon her to the number of two dozen or more and each brought something to support and cheer, while many, who could not be present, sent suitable and substantial donations.

After greetings all sat down with the old lady and enjoyed a supper which they had brought with them, and prepared with their own hands. The grateful widow's heart was overflowing and she could not command words to express her thankfulness for this cheerful and substantial showing of kindly feelings by her neighbors. She will remember the event as a bright spot on her dreary journey of life.

Carpet Weaving.

In a few days I will be ready with my new flying shuttle loom for weaving carpets. Will also do repairing of any kind. Call and see me, at 114 south West street.

62wawl4 S. A. HEMMERLY.

Reserved Seat Lecture Couse tickets at Tristram and Young's.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

ASHEVILLE ECHOES.

BILL NYE KEEPS US INFORMED AS TO HOW THINGS ARE MOVING.

Senator Vance Back from the Holy Land. A Few Society Items—The Great and Only Eber and Other Great Men Nye Has Met.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

ASHEVILLE, N. C., January.—This has been a very gentle and balmy winter for the native tar heeler as well as the Cape Cod asthmatic and bronchial wheezer from the frozen home of the abolitionist who may have been spending the season here.

Tropical growths are getting along first rate here if kept indoors, and such subtropical vegetation as the John pine, the jonquil and the horseradish are growing in the open air.

Senator Zebulon B Vance has returned from the Holy Land with a new story picked up on the Sea of Galilee It is a corker.

Senator Vance is looking well and returns to his senatorial labors with renewed vigor and a traveled air which we North Carolina people alone lack to make us shine.

He says that Baireuth is pronounced Byroit.

Senator Vance was there during the Wagner imbroglio I do not know what an imbroglio is, but I think it was that. He told several stories illustrative of American humor while at Byroit, and, as I understood it, interspersed between the Wagner selections They were not well received

He told an anecdote of ex-Governor Hoard's, of Wisconsin, regarding an experience he had while in the army After a forced march of eight weeks during which the brigade did not touch food, being anxious to close the war, they camped one night at a crossroads where it was found that in an old deserted tobacco warehouse there were secreted three barrels of sparkling, home-made, Dent corn Heidsick, grown on the place.

The boys tried to get at it, but the officers saw at once that there would not be more than enough for themselves and so placed a guard over the liquor In the night the boys got into the basement of the warehouse with eight clean washtubs and an auger, and in the morning it was found that two of the barrels were empty and most of the brigade full.

The following night, after apollinaris and family prayers, it was resolved to try and get the other barrel in order to soothe that vague unrest and one thing and another which one feels after an undue indulgence in spirituous, vinous, malt or fermented liquors. They did not know that the guard had put the third barrel on two sawhorses a foot above their auger's utmost scope All night they bored holes into the nocturnal bosom of the scooting hours, all unmindful that the guard slept by the barrel in a new place on the floor

Toward morning Governor Hoard took the auger with a heavy heart and bored a new hole in the bosom of the night. He did not strike what he sought, but there was a wild shriek from above, and when the governor pulled the auger out he found on it the fragment of a gray army shirt and a birthmark Leaving the eight new tubs where they were, also over 400,000 new auger holes that had never been used, they all went away.

Senator Vance told it better than I have, but when he got through the German friend of Vogner's said:

"Um—yah! Vot kain of a story vas dat?"

"That is a humorous story That is American humor"

"No, my frain, excoose me Dot vas not yoomar, dot vas a tam lie."

Senator Vance will, during the session, move the passage of an act authorizing the city of New York to buy the street bonds of the city of Asheville. The city has been authorized of course some time ago to sell, but New York has not bought the bonds, no doubt feeling some hesitation without congressional authority, but this will be soon remedied by act of the national legislature and all will be well

The colored people of Asheville each year celebrate on the 1st of January their emancipation from slavery They



THE COLORED PARADE.

parade on the street in strange costumes, and many of them improve their appearance by wearing false faces of a repulsive character

This year the procession was quite large and embraced many of our *best known* colored people.

Mr. Plum Levi, the barber of the old school who shaved me five years ago and still points with pride to the very towel which he used on me, was in the procession. He wore a pink mask and a mantle made of two large perforated rubber doormats' His feet were incased in easy and commodious slippers, each made from the pelt of a dead colt

Flotsam Garside wore a navy blue domino with knitted hood and blue soldier pants. He was the life of the procession, and almost everything he did was mirthful. He is a great reader, always abreast of the times, and may be often found reading the Asheville Citizen till after midnight.

Miss Pearl Backus, of Coxsackie, N. Y., is paying a visit to former Blue Ruin friends and took part in the parade She is yet in her teens, but has the wonderful gift of being able to cook for her employers' family and have enough left over each meal for an aged mother who has been again recently blessed with twins It is a joy indeed to the kind old heart of Pearl's widowed mother to know in her declining years that her daughter will look out for her. Filial love among people of moderate means is always a grateful sight

She wore a fur trimmed street dress like one her mistress at Coxsackie wore just before Pearl left there

* * * * * *

I had occasion to meet my friend Mr Franz Eber, of the Lilliputian company, a short time ago. He is about the size of the dividend hung on the Christmas



MEETING THE GREAT EBER.

tree for me this year by Russell Sage, and yet is twenty three years of age, a good comedian and pleasing after dinner speaker

He has the air, though, of a successful actor, and the amount of dignity he has considering the small place he has to drape it over makes me laugh, for I am a great hand to notice things that make a deep impression on me.

He did not seem to unbend, I thought, so much as he ought, considering that crowned heads have rested on this bosom, such as it is, and that dynasties have staid all night at our house.

After I had gone the owner of the theater said to him reproachfully:

"That was Mr Nye, the great American humorous writer, Mr. Eber Did you understand the name fully when I introduced you?"

"Yes,' said Mr. Eber, with a rising inflection, as he sat down on the chancery of a footlight, "I ting I haf heered off him"

I do not say this to hurt Eber, for he is too great a man to be hurt by newspaper criticism, but why in heaven's name cannot people of prominence get along smoothly together? I think we should start to each other Ten years ago I met the two headed girl for the first time, and while the meeting was not effusive, it was cordial I have also met the Prince of Wales and Sitting Bull, and there was no coldness, no professional jealousy between us

I also once met Joseph Cook, who was on his way to his regular work repairing and editing some of the works of God, and even he was kindly and almost sweet to me

So I say that people of prominence should play into one another's hands.

* * * * * *

Reminiscences of Senator Plumb are so plenty since his death that I venture to call up one of the incidents of his early experience We had been running around over the Capitol, looking at whatever was curious in the way of memorials sent in to congress by the presidents, like appointments, etc—some in pencil on manilla paper containing a wholesome but perhaps, but as informal as a list of vegetables for your cook to order for over Sunday; then others would be stiff and formal, like George Washington engaged in taking the thirty third degree in Masonry. We had looked over and commented on all these things, swapped *bon mot* with Senator Ingalls greatly to our own advantage, for Senator Plumb was never remarkable for his repartee, and as a bright and ready bon raconteur could never make wages, being slow of thought and possessing rather a practical mind not of course the picturesque kind in fresh, young, newly harnessed and as sound but a depth which is slowly stirred, shadowed over with an earnest gloom.

We then went up into the gallery and for an hour or two forgot our own greatness. The senate chamber faded away on the drowsy, furling wings of the ... to the committee on rules, the low, Lazarus bath air which is used to sprout the senatorial thought lulled us to that forgetfulness and hushed the pop of the committee's report For the time we went back again in the far west, with widening miles between us and the city to tenement of Senator Hoar, with billowing breezy states between us and the clusters His cock, the deep, sapping aftways of Cameron and the Recent news of Edmunds, we went ... castle ... wasp ... to ... the old ... down the ... to see ... what ... there ... How ... the old ... to tell ... the ready and versatile trick ... it.

"We ... in the early days were Flynch," said Mr. Plumb, ... back, which was ... it was a little ... than ... and a little ... The stinging water

"It ... but it was ... compared to the way it smelled. It smelled like the deluge at low tide. Now York when it is opening up a subway on a hot day shows great possibilities, but it can not get in the little trills and throes of mealy and antique stench that the homemade and fermented ink did

"Once I went over to try a case before a justice of the peace over thirty miles away. He was a plain, uneducated man, who used his tongue in writing and breathed heavily, like a man ... while thinking.

"Opposed to me as counsel was a man who had been admitted to the bar. I had not He was rather pompous, and had ... try a case before a country justice, but he had to do it. He was hot and ... and while he was making his argument one of the children got an acorn up its nose and we had to stop and bore it out with the iron worm on an old ramrod. That made counsel mad, and while he was making a dilatory in ... the Square picked a briar out of the palm of his hand with a Barlow knife and overruled it

"Then counsel got so hot that he forgot himself and said things to the court which ought to have remained forever unsaid. After that the court got angry and threatened to commit counsel for contempt. Counsel allowed that the court did not know enough to draw the mittimus.

"'All right, I will show you,' says the court and thereupon he bit off a piece of tobacco about the size of a prayer book and took down a large, fat volume of forms for justices of the peace weighing about nine pounds and smelling of pork graves and clabbered.

"He wrote on and on till dinner time. Then he glared at the man he was engaged in committing and ate the undemonstrative corn dodger with him meantime

"I didn't mind the bitterness between the court and counsel, for it was all good for my side After dinner the Square rolled up one corner of the oilcloth tablecloth and went on with the mittimus All that afternoon, with bulging eye and wet brow, while opposing counsel sat and smoked under the cool shadow of the cottonwood, the broiling gentleman on the superheated woodstek painfully wrote on.

"Toward twilight, as the frogs in the hollow smote the soft and echoless gloaming with their metallic song, the court closed with the final 'whereof fail not at your peril,' and the commitment was duly drawn.

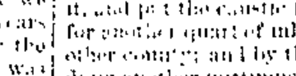
"Looking over earnestly at it and leaning on the shoulder of the court, I can still see the calm, pale face of counsel as he looked searchingly over the still wet and fragrant document.

"Then firmly and deftly upsetting the big quart ink bottle over the mighty legal masterpiece, and thereby turning loose upon the horrified night a fragrance so able, so durable and so pronounced that you could tie horses to it, he said:

"'There, you overgrown muskrat! You shaped paunch of justice without its brains! you overgrown and fungus error on the face of nature; you old he mud hen of the swamps; you natural old intellectual wart on the brow of creation, by the time you can go down on the bottoms and gather your maple bark and bring it home and boil it, and put the caustic fragrance into it for another quart of ink, I will be in another county; and by the time you can draw another mittimus I will be in most any other state which I may select.

"'I now bid you adieu, Cauliflower. *Au revoir*, old Polypus on the membrane of nature, blight upon the great job of creation, farewell.'"

He then kicked the old mother dog across the kitchen and strode fiercely down the child bordered pathway.



Bullet Proof.

A couple of Germans in the dumps were sitting in a New York restaurant bewailing the state of things in America. Suddenly a stylishly dressed gentleman addressed one of the Germans as follows:

"Sir, you have just been vilifying my country I challenge you to fight."

The German was quite taken aback, but accepted the challenge The duelists and their seconds met at the appointed time and place The American fired and missed The German took deliberate aim at the heart of the Yankee, and his shot took effect; but instead of dropping to the ground, the American unbuttoned his coat and displayed a white shield with the following inscription in gold letters:

"The firm of Green & Co., H— street, beg to call the attention of duelists to their new patent breast plates." —Handelszeitung

Pleased Him.

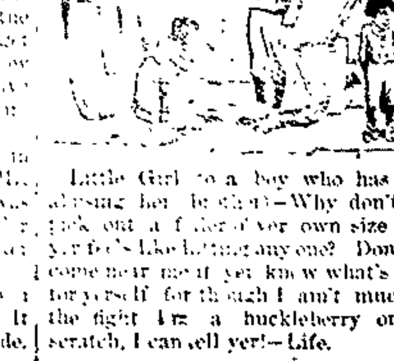
He Did you see my father?

Walter Yes, I told him I had come to ask him for the greatest blessing a young man could ask—his daughter's hand

"And what did he say?

"He seemed very much pleased—said he was afraid at first I wanted to borrow some money "—Comic.

A Warning.



Little Girl (to a boy who has been abusing her brother)—Why don't yer pick out a feller of yer own size when yer feel like hitting any one? Don't yer come near me if yer know what's good for yerself for though I ain't much on the fight I'm a huckleberry on the scratch, I can tell yer!—Life.

OF TWO FAIR WOMEN.

MISS HARRIET MONROE, WHO WILL WRITE THE WORLD'S FAIR ODE.

Mrs. Frederick L. Foltz, Who, Her Friends Claim, Has Never Been Beaten at Whist. Both Are Chicago Born and Both Are Now Residents of That City.

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

Miss Harriet Monroe, of Chicago, who has been selected for the honored task of writing the ode to celebrate the opening of the World's Columbian exposition, though very young, is not a novice in the verse making art. Her fair brown locks have already worn the crown of bay. Her genius has



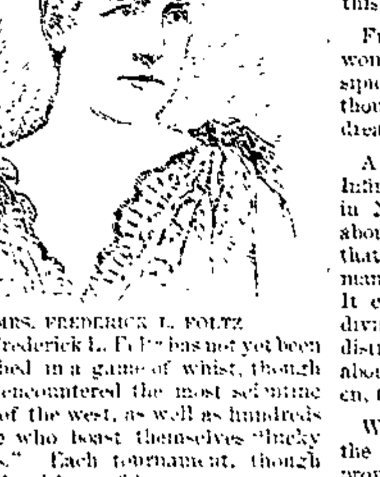
MISS HARRIET MONROE

been before invoked for commemorative deeds. A little over a year ago, when the Auditorium of Chicago was completed to Miss Monroe was assigned the writing of the "Dedicatory Ode." President Harrison, Vice President Morton, Chauncey Depew and many celebrities notable in civic and military life honored the occasion with their presence. The aid of that peerless song bird, Patti, was invoked also. The ode written by Miss Monroe was appropriately and successfully set to music and was rendered on that evening by the Apollo club, a chorus of mixed voices second to none, and it was received with enthusiastic applause.

In appearance Miss Monroe is rather below medium height and is of slender, fragile build. Her features are all good; her mouth and chin are delicate and finely cut Her face is earnest and interesting; her coloring is pale and she has beautiful chestnut hair and soft, dark, hazel eyes. She is by birth a Chicagoan and received her education at home and in the convent at Georgetown, D. C. Her studies were supplemented during frequent sojourns in eastern cities and during periods of foreign travel. Friends, observing the enthusiasm aroused by her beauty, sweet grace and bright mind, fondly predicted a brilliant social career. Though yielding at times to their persuasions, she never became at all absorbed in a gay life, choosing rather a student's joys and the companionship of a congenial few who entered into close intimacy and sympathy with her high ideals and worthy ambitions.

A paper on "Shelley as Poet and Philosopher" first drew public attention to Miss Monroe's literary efforts. This essay was read and praised by Richard Watson Gilder, Edmund Clarence Stedman and Robert Louis Stevenson Miss Monroe has very cleverly dramatized one of Mr. Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights" stories, and her version has been given by amateur players many times. Miss Monroe has been numbered among the poetical contributors to The Century and for some time she was one of the critics and literary reviewers of the Chicago Tribune.

There has recently been issued from the De Vinne press, of New York, a book from the pen of this fair poet containing a tragedy entitled "Valeria," and other poems The tragedy is written in blank verse and comprises the major part of the volume The book is for private circulation only, and is an edition de luxe. Its exterior possesses a dainty charm. It is dedicated to the late John Welborn Root, the consulting architect for the World's fair, whose untimely death occurred about one year ago. "From the Dark," a poem of sweet and touching refrain, refers to this lost dear friend. To a faultless versification Miss Monroe adds a singularly felicitous choice of words and rhythmical cadences.



MRS. FREDERICK L. FOLTZ

Mrs. Frederick L. Foltz has not yet been vanquished in a game of whist, though she has encountered the most scientific players of the west, as well as hundreds of those who boast themselves "lucky at cards." Each tournament, though arranged with confident expectations, has so far served only to swell the score of Mrs. Foltz's triumphs.

Mrs. Foltz is a native of Chicago Her husband is Mr Frederick L. Foltz, one of the most talented architects in that city. She is the daughter of Mr S Corning Judd, well known throughout the state of Illinois. Very many of her father's intellectual gifts are inherited by Mrs. Foltz, and she is widely interested in the current thought and topics of the day. She is a student of the sciences, particularly enjoying mathematics and logic, and an intelligent enthusiast in music. In repartee she is quick and keen, though never unkind. She has remarkable social tact, which, with her other gifts, has secured for her an acknowledged position as one of the most successful of the younger leaders of society in the World's Fair City. Dame Nature has dealt generously with her. She is above medium height, and has wide open, dark blue eyes and fair brown hair. The features of her face are regular, yet their beauty of form is wholly subordinate to the bravery, individuality, intellectuality and gentleness of her countenance.

She plays no irregular or mongrel game, but follows a system of play founded upon law. She recognizes whist as skill antagonizing or economizing chance, and takes great mental satisfaction in the game as a game of calculation. Indeed, this fair player regards whist as a science rather than a game. She thinks the student of whist the student of combinations, their detail and management. Mrs. Foltz plays her cards "as if the cards were couriers or heralds or even statisticians," telling their own tales and being the bearers of exact and intelligent information.

By her own request Mrs. Foltz is in frequent correspondence with "G. W. P.," the author of "American Whist, Illustrated."

MARY STUART ARMSTRONG.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

What Shall We Do with Our Helpless Men and Women?

The differentiation of work between the sexes has resulted in some deplorable consequences. For instance, it is proved that men make the best possible tailors, cooks and even laundrymen. Yet the average man in ordinary life is so helpless that he cannot cook a breakfast, or if his life depended on it he could not mend his own stockings neatly. He has been differentiated so far out of the sphere of domestic labor that he has not the remotest thought of the trouble and worry he causes the women of his household. He flings clothing, boots, cigar stumps, papers and litter about him royally; he leaves bathtub or wash basin a sight to behold, not caring a pin that in every case some woman must follow around after him like a slave and set things to rights. Many a time the woman is his own grievously burdened wife or mother, but he thinks of this fact no more than if he were in a stable or barroom. It is this kind of thing that makes life so hard on a woman. There is no reason in life why men should not be trained to wait on themselves and keep things neat and tidy. It is quite as much their business as it is that of their wives and mothers, especially as they are the stronger physically. At least they ought to be trained so that they will not actually make work for women and so be the torment and heavy burden of the household. And I say last as I said first, all boys ought to be trained to darn stockings, sew on buttons and mend a rip or put on a patch neatly, so they can take care of themselves when thrown out on the cold world alone. As to women, they have had it dingdonged into their ears so many generations that a woman's place is housekeeping that they have oftentimes no more business sense than a cat. The way these ladies are robbed when husband or father dies is matter of history. I recall at this moment a good, pie making, crochet working housewife whose husband was engaged in a thriving trade and was really well off. He died suddenly. That silly woman knew no more of his affairs than her five-year-old daughter did. Consequently all she had was stolen by lawyers and dishonest debtors, and her brother was obliged to remain a bachelor in order to "support" the foolish creature. Believe me, there is such a thing as the two sexes attending to their respective duties a little too closely.

"Eleanor Kirk's Idea" is the name of a bright and attractive monthly paper just started in Brooklyn by that accomplished journalist and faithful friend of her sex, Eleanor Kirk Ames. The name is the editor's own idea, as the paper will be. It will be devoted to the interests of women. For some years Mrs. Kirk has been receiving from twenty to seventy-five letters a week from women asking advice in matters of health, dress, family troubles, social usages, etc. She has answered these letters privately and in her correspondence hitherto. Now she will answer them in her own paper and add to them besides other topics of vital interest to women She has seen so much of life herself in its ups and downs and asides that if she cannot make a good paper for women nobody can.

Myrte Peak and Lola Grimes have driven a trotter in harness and made quicker time than 2:20. What won't this weaker sex do next?

Frances Willard remarks that "many women's minds are filled with an insipid brain soup, where a few lumps of thought swim in a watery gravy of dreams."

A new hospital called the St. Andrew's Infirmary for Women is to be established in New York city. The funny part about this infirmary for sick women is that its board of managers is a board of man-agers indeed—not a woman on it. It consists of a number of doctors of divinity, lawyers, etc. How much these distinguished gentlemen will know about directing a hospital for sick women, to be sure.

We owe to women the invention of the superior street sweeper, the improved method of heating cars, a chain elevator, a reaper and mower, a machine for feeding cattle on the cars, a practical fire escape and the much used paper bag, but they will get off the cars backward just the same.—New York World.

Somebody has compiled a "Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law." Why should there be a woman's manual of parliamentary law? Roberts' "Rules of Order" and Cushing's "Manual" are good enough, even for a woman.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

HULDA REGINA GRASER.

Sketch and Portrait of the Only Woman Customs Broker.

In the center of the business district of Cincinnati is a sign reading, "H. R. Graser, customs broker." It is that of Miss Hulda Regina Graser, who is another example of what women can do in competition with men. She is a



HULDA REGINA GRASER.

bright, pretty girl, twenty-one years old, who has taken up the line of business followed by her father. She was born in Montreal. Her parents moved to Chicago when she was young. The great fire swept away all their property, and they came to Cincinnati. Miss Hulda was educated partly in the public schools and partly by private tutors. At the time of her father's death she was too young to continue his business, and when she decided to become a customs broker (the only one of her sex in the United States) she found she must begin anew, for the business built up by her father had scattered and there was sharp competition in the field.

She went boldly out into the business world, made the acquaintance of her father's old patrons and sought new ones for her own. It was a hard battle for a young girl, but she won the fight and now controls an extensive and profitable business, attending to all the importing of several of the largest of the firms of the Queen City. The goods are consigned direct to her, she figures up the duty, pays the same and delivers the goods to the proper parties. It is a business of extraordinary difficulty in detail. She must know the different ratings; she figures the duty on every manner of goods from every country under the sun. The bills are made out in the particular coin of the realm from which the goods come. She must reduce that to United States currency. She must keep herself posted in all tariff laws and regulations, and follow the legislation of congress in regard to all changes in the customs and tariff laws. The government officials applaud the neatness, exactness, care and dispatch of all her work in a business for which few men are as well qualified.

Mrs. Margaret Sangster.

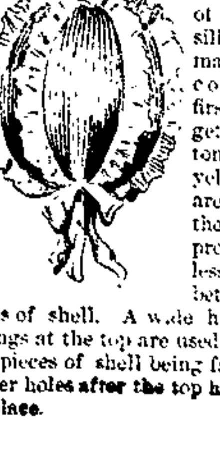
Mrs. Sangster, the editor of Harper's Bazar, is an illustration of the fact that women, sometimes at least, have both business capacity and executive ability.

Mrs. Sangster does her editorial work with great ease, and is never rushed for time. She always has a pleasant and kindly word for her assistants and the contributors to the journal she conducts, and a visit to her on business is a pleasure, even when she cannot find a place for the piece submitted. Mrs. Sangster is a little past fifty, though she does not look it, and has for more than twenty years been a busy and successful author and journalist. She was successively associate editor of Hearth and Home, The Christian at Work and The Christian Intelligencer, and for a long time before she was made editor of Harper's Bazar she was a contributor to that paper and had charge of a department of Harper's Young People. She has published several volumes. Among these were "Poems of the Household" (1883), and "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers" (1887), and also several Sunday school books.

In addition to her editorial work, Mrs. Sangster has found time during the past two summers to actively participate in Chautauqua assemblies, and much to her astonishment and gratification she has developed a wonderful gift for public speaking. To find that she could do this successfully, she says, was a delight akin to that one feels when one has learned to swim and finds that the water has no danger, but is a source of pleasure instead. She has talked the past two summers at the meetings of the Women's council, at Monona lake, Madison, Wis., to young girls on domestic and housewifery subjects. She is so much pleased with this new work that she means to do as much of it in the future as she can without neglecting her duties as an editor. It is easy to understand how charming Mrs. Sangster is on the platform, for her voice, while not at all loud, is sweet and musical and has great carrying power. Her manner is earnest, sincere and graceful, and it would be hard indeed not to be interested in anything she might have to say. J. G. S.

A Cocoanut Basket.

Take a cocoanut shell and have it sawed vertically into quarters. Small holes must be burned through each end of each section after which a bag of bright yellow silk or satin is made and the cocoanut pieces, first fastened together by the bottom holes with yellow ribbon, are placed around the bag, which protrudes in careless puffs from between the sections of shell. A wide hem and draw strings at the top are used to hang it by, the pieces of shell being fastened by the upper holes after the top has been drawn in place.



LIGHT AND AIRY.

Unconcerned and Quietlike.

Ike's quiet ways an honest look
Won all the diggin's at the start;
His blue eyes seemed an open book
In which we read his guileless heart.
He first showed up at Placer Mound
Jes' after that big '50 strike,
And unobtrusive loafed around,
All unconcerned an quietlike.

Some thought he war a millionaire
From 'Frisco, lookin up a snap,
Whilst others said he had the air
Of some revival Gospel chap.
The boys soon tied him to the name
Of "Reverend Sanctimonious Ike,"
Jes' 'cause he played the pious game
So unconcerned an quietlike.

He nursed the sick; spoke words o' cheer
To them as 'rastled with despair,
An at the bed o' pain you'd hear
His low, sad voice in earnest prayer.
No matter what distress war found
You'd see that Sanctimonious Ike,
Jes' like an angel movin 'round,
All unconcerned an quietlike.

One night the safe in which war kept
The dust of all the men in camp
War busted open while we slept
By some durned, onery, thieving scamp.
We took the trail amazin quick,
An soon struck Sanctimonious Ike
Leadin a pack mule down the creek,
All unconcerned an quietlike.

We found the stuff, a jedge was chose,
An thar beneath a jackoak tree
The court convened, an w'en it rose
We took the back trail quietly.
As up the mountain side we clim,
We took a back'ard glance at Ike
A-hangin from a jackoak limb,
All unconcerned an quietlike.

—Captain Jack Crawford in New York Clipper.

Not a Bad Guess.

Miss Allsoul—I take it, Mr. Longface, that you too have seen your trouble in life's voyage. I feel that my own sad experience gives me the right to speak; you will take no offense, I'm sure?

Mr. L.—Oh, not at all! Certainly! I haven't been without my affliction.

Miss A (with look of deep interest)—A heart trouble, I fancy.

Mr. L.—Well—in that neighborhood—weak digestion.—Harper's Bazar.

Delicate Flattery.

"What ever made you make Brackins a present of a ... ... He's as bald as a billiard ball."

"That's just it, I want to make him think I never noticed it."—Washington Star.

KIRK'S

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SOAP

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C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
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